

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

IN one respect only has the result of the late election been disappointing. A belief had gained ground very generally that the defeat of the Ring would cause a revival of business. But the Chicago disaster, with its insidious influences, is too recent to permit of any great amount of healthy animation, and all that the elections could accomplish was to render apparently permanent the reaction from the first extreme depression. Strange as it may seem, the great fire is now recognized as beneficial in many of its influences, notably in its check upon the reckless career of inflation which the banks were running. The great calamity permitted and justified a degree of caution and contraction among financial institutions which, under ordinary circumstances, would have created a panic, but which, in the prevailing spirit of mutual consideration and leniency on the part of creditors, has been borne without complaint. The unexpectedly favorable result of a large portion of the mercantile settlements from the unfortunate city has contributed greatly to render this result possible, while the marvellous and inadequately recognized spirit and organizing genius of the various relief committees on the spot, and of the people at large, promise a revival of Chicago almost as startling as its original growth. One remarkable fact has been developed by the fire, tending to show how utterly all preconceived opinions of prudence and policy fail in the presence of great disasters: those firms who had all their capital in their business, and sold only for cash, are the heaviest and most hopeless losers, while those who had outside investments, and sold largely on credit, are quietly collecting their debts, and realizing their assets elsewhere.

There have been enormous election frauds in Brooklyn in the nature of repeating and stuffing the ballot-boxes, the "Ring" of that city being very audacious. To meet this state of things, a Citizens' Reform Association has been formed, with a Committee of Seventy-five; and, as proofs seem plenty enough, we shall doubtless have the election contested, and an attempt made not only to punish the authors of the frauds, but to free the government of the city from the Ring, whose existence can be no longer doubted. Meantime, other great cities in other States are engaged in the same warfare against thieves. In Philadelphia, they have a defaulting city treasurer, \$478,048 out of pocket, due to his having loaned the city and State funds in his keeping to private parties, thus postponing public claims, depreciating them, and enabling his confederates to buy them up at a discount and cash them at par—a speculation which raised the emoluments of his office from \$2,500 to \$20,000 a year. This appears to have been the custom of his predecessors also, and each retiring treasurer became a member of the Ring, which went surety for the new incumbent in return for a share in these transactions. Speculations in "Reading," and the Chicago, fire brought on the crash, which has cost the city its half-million. The City Council, in a feeble way, and the already existing Citizens' Reform Association, have taken the matter up, and it is before the courts, though the treasurer's resignation has not yet been accepted. In Cincinnati, a probate judge, elected on a reform ticket, has been charged with conspiring with the Law Librarian to swindle the county, the latter, according to the *Commercial*, alleging and having exercised his "right, whenever a lunatic is sent to the Longview Asylum, to draw the value of two suits of clothes, whether he furnishes a rag or not, and to make up vouchers, using R. T. Thorburn's name as steward, three months after Thorburn was discharged." In Chicago, as is well known, the fire burnt up a promising Ring, one member of which, the late opposition candidate for mayor, is accused of retain-

ing \$15,000 from the Charity Fund. And, to complete this dismal survey of municipal rottenness, we may point, as we have done once before, to the New Haven lobbying on the Connecticut capital question, one item of which Dr. Bacon has so forcibly exposed in the last *New-Englander*.

The Woman's Suffrage Convention which sat recently at Xenia, Ohio, passed a series of resolutions of which the first declares that women have a legal right to vote under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments; the second asks Congress to propose a sixteenth amendment, giving women the same right to vote; and the third demands the right aforesaid of men. It is nearly as difficult to make out from all this where women's right to vote really is, who has got it, or is keeping them out of it, as under what thimble "the little joker" is to be found at the fair. The *Cincinnati Commercial* sets down the number of women in Ohio who greatly want to vote as one dozen, or thereabouts; but this must be inaccurate. The question whether the Fourteenth Amendment gives women the right to vote in the District of Columbia has been argued and decided within the last week by the Supreme Court of the District (not of the United States) in the negative. The plaintiffs were two women who sued the Board of Registration and the Superintendents of Election at Washington for refusing to allow them to register or vote. The Act of February 21, 1871, organizing the government of the District, restricts the suffrage to male citizens; the plaintiffs asked the Court to set aside the restriction, partly under the Fourteenth Amendment and partly under the Law of Nature, which, they said, gives them an "inherent and inalienable" right to vote—we presume everywhere, and at all times that they happen to come across a polling-place, for Nature knows nothing of electoral districts, or counties, or towns, or other arbitrary divisions or qualifications. The Court decided that it was incompetent to administer the law of nature, being itself an artificial contrivance, and hinted that the natural right to vote, being, of course, the natural right to govern, was in reality identical with the Divine Right of kings and queens, and, therefore, hardly sustainable in American tribunals. It also remarked, *obiter*, that, in its opinion, any attempt to act on the doctrine that such a right existed would prove "destructive of civilization." As to women's right to vote under the Fourteenth Amendment, it decided simply that it did not exist. The Fourteenth Amendment, it is true, recognizes the citizenship of women, which it could hardly avoid doing, seeing that their citizenship has always been recognized; but citizenship does not necessarily carry with it the suffrage, as we see in the case of minors, and even babies, who are also citizens. Of course Congress can, in the District of Columbia, give the suffrage to any class of citizens it pleases; when it does so, the courts will be happy to carry its will into effect. As it has not, as yet, given it to women, the Court sustained the demurrer, and sent the women away sorrowful. So this little trick has failed, as it deserved.

The excitement about the South Carolina bonds continues, having, as we expected, been increased rather than diminished by the statement to which we referred last week, put forth by the Governor and Treasurer and Chairman of the Committee on Accounts. The main facts of the case against these officers, which is too voluminous to be completely summed up in a paragraph, are, that the total debt of the State, as far as can be made out from accounts accessible to the public, is \$12,000,000, or thereabouts. Last September, however, Governor Scott publicly stated that it was only \$9,500,000. It now appears, however, from the vague official confession, that at least \$20,400,000 printed bonds are in the hands of the authorities—or, as their enemies call them, "the Ring"—awaiting issue at their discretion. It is permissible to infer, from their statement, that, besides this, they hold \$8,000,000 sterling bonds and registered stock, also awaiting issue. The public now asks, For what purpose

have these securities been printed? The answer is: "To pay the indebtedness of the State, and convert its securities." But this is met by the obvious rejoinder: "You cannot want \$28,000,000 in securities to pay or convert a debt which, according to your own account, was only \$9,500,000 in September last, and, according to all accessible data, is only \$12,000,000." So there is a loud demand for further explanation, which had better be forthcoming speedily; but it is not unfair to infer, from the lame attempt of last week, that it will not be satisfactory.

The truth is, that the management of the finances has, for some time back, been at least bad on its surface. The most intelligent citizens of South Carolina believe it has been fraudulent, and this belief is supported, in view of the enormous "Ring" frauds which are being revealed all over the country, by the history of the State officers. The State Treasurer, for instance, Mr. Niles G. Parker, kept a bar in Haverhill, Mass., before the war. He entered the army; served, as worse men did, with credit; then settled as a carpet-bagger in Charleston; opened another grocery; "went into politics"; was made an alderman; cultivated the negro vote; failed in business, and paid thirty cents on the dollar; rose rapidly in politics, became State Treasurer, and is now reputed to be worth a million, and has plenty of diamonds. Put behind such men the most corrupt and ignorant legislature that perhaps ever caricatured free government in a civilized State, and we see why the financial condition of the State is suspected. New York is certainly the last place for such a "Treasurer" to come to just at this moment asking credit. We are too familiar with this kind of financier.

The Civil Service Commission is said to have succeeded in draughting a system of rules and regulations which will probably be carried into effect, and the Washington correspondents report that the subject underwent a long discussion at a Cabinet meeting last week, when Mr. G. W. Curtis spoke on it at some length in behalf of the Commission. We ought to mention that the cause of Civil Service Reform has received in this city, and, of all places in the world, in the City Hall, and from the hands of Mr. Andrew H. Green, the Deputy Comptroller, the most valuable piece of assistance it has yet got from any official quarter. Mr. Green, on taking office, issued an order warning the clerks that their sole duty was office duty; that they were not to concern themselves, as officers, about politics; that their salaries were not to be assessed or levied upon in any manner for any purpose; and that neglect or incompetency would be the only cause of removal. Considering that Tom Murphy, the Collector of this port, selected by the President, and removable by him, has fifteen hundred employees under his orders, whom he appoints and dismisses on precisely the same principle, and for the same reason, as Connolly did the clerks in the City Hall, and that all the time that this Commission has been sitting at Washington—and more particularly while Mr. Curtis was addressing the Cabinet, and while Mr. Green was introducing Civil Service Reform into the City Hall—Tom was actually violating all the rules and regulations which it is fair to presume Mr. Curtis and his colleagues have embodied in their new scheme, and more particularly that rule and regulation which, it is to be hoped, forbids the docking of clerks' salaries for electioneering purposes—it is not unfair to say that Tom's continued presence in the Custom-house, and his continued activity in the work of corrupting and debauching the public service, are a great scandal. The New York *Tribune* recently asked whether, the question being put to the people of the city, Who was the man among its inhabitants who would, if put in charge of the Custom-house, collect the largest amount of revenue at least cost to the Government and least annoyance to the merchants? anybody would ever have thought of answering, Tom Murphy. Of course not. Murphy's appointment was simply unaccountable on any creditable theory of the principles on which the President administers the government.

In Wall Street everything remains dull and stationary, but prices are well maintained at or near the highest level reached since the

panic week. The banks have materially strengthened their position, and, in the absence of great business activity everywhere, money is cheap and easily obtainable on good security. Merchant paper, which, for a time, was almost unsalable, again passes current, though the rates continue high. There is a sense of insecurity lurking around Wall Street, which prevents even the most sanguine speculators from entering into new engagements. The condition of the Southern State debts, which are tainted with frauds almost exceeding those of Tammany, the uncertainty concerning the influence of the Government funding operations, now approaching maturity, combine with the mercantile and insurance losses to maintain a healthy caution. Gold has declined about one per cent. during the week, without any very well-defined cause. Government bonds, under the influence of a steady debt reduction, and a growing preference among investors, remain firm. Bonds of new or future railroads find but little sale.

Cotton comes forward better than was anticipated. The receipts early in the fall are not always trustworthy indications of the probable magnitude of the crop, but the fine weather at the South promises to compensate materially for the limited acreage planted and the drawbacks earlier in the season. Crop estimates are beginning to be enlarged, and the extreme views of speculators who calculated on less than three millions of bales are already disproved. The India crop is very large, and the manufacturing trade dull. Hence the stocks of raw cotton are accumulating both here and in Europe. But the price, nevertheless, remains firm, and is higher here than in Liverpool, mainly owing to the pernicious system introduced in recent years of cotton-planters becoming heavy speculators in their own products. Reckless greed and reckless bank-management are developing, at the South, a spirit such as has prevailed among our Western farmers for several years past, and has covered a large portion of our best agricultural lands with mortgages to pay for losses in speculation. The planters are holding back their cotton in expectation of higher prices. Grains are firm, owing to the heavy export; meats dull, and fluctuating at low prices. Almost every article of food, with the exception of bread, is cheaper now than it has been for many years, and those who are fully employed are better off; but there is great complaint of want of work, especially among the classes directly depending upon trade, such as clerks, porters, book-keepers, and the like. Real estate is very dull, and with marked downward tendency. Coal is cheaper, but groceries, especially coffee and tea, are high and firm.

The German official paper, the *Reichsanzeiger*, has published a crushing reply to M. Benedetti's book, leaving that gentleman in a very embarrassing position. It may be remembered that M. Benedetti stoutly maintained, at the outbreak of the late war, that Bismarck tried to tempt the French Emperor into an alliance, offensive and defensive, under which France was to have Belgium, Prussia was to be allowed to work her will with Austria, and England and all other objectors were to be set at defiance. Bismarck then published the draught of a "secret treaty," which, he said, the French Minister had proposed to him in his own handwriting, but which he (Bismarck) had cautiously kept clear of. To this Benedetti replied that the draught was really written by him under Bismarck's dictation, and that the project to which it related was entirely of Bismarck's devising. The question being thus reduced to a conflict of veracity, we believe the French sympathizers everywhere concluded that Bismarck had been "fibbing." The matter would probably have been allowed to rest here if M. Benedetti had not returned to it in his book, which he did, in ignorance of the fact that a considerable quantity of papers of the French Foreign Office had fallen into German hands during the war, on the capture of M. Rouher's country-house at Cercay, near Paris.

These the Prussian Chancellor now uses against the French negotiator with remorseless cruelty. He shows that after the demand for Mayence, and a certain portion of German territory on the left bank



of the Rhine, after the battle of Sadowa, of which everybody heard at the time, had been made by the French and refused by the Prussians, M. Benedetti proposed the secret treaty with regard to Belgium under direct instructions from Paris. The Mayence proposal was dropped on the 13th of August. On the 16th he took up the Belgium project, under instructions from Paris, which Bismarck publishes in full, directing him to press for a "secret convention" annexing Belgium to France, and forming an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Prussia, permitting France to make the annexation when she pleased, with armed support from Prussia; and if Bismarck asked what he was to gain by it, he was to be told, "A powerful ally and security in the acquisitions he had already made, without other sacrifice than letting France take what did not belong to him." He also publishes Benedetti's reply to these instructions, enclosing a draught of the proposed treaty, made by Benedetti in his own handwriting, with the marginal emendations made afterwards in Paris, and which were incorporated in the copy which he subsequently gave Bismarck, and which Bismarck published last year. No one can be more conclusive or more damaging; and it is difficult to see whether it leaves Benedetti, or the old adventurer whom he depicts, in the worse position. The *Reichsanzeiger* announces that it has more of the same in reserve, if more is called for, which it is not at all likely to be. Benedetti is said to be furious with Rouher for not warning him in time, but consoles himself with the reflection that the exposure will damage the Emperor more than it will him. But think of the "morals" of the whole party!

The accounts of the famine in Persia, which continue to arrive in greater detail, bid fair to treat the world to the spectacle of a calamity the like of which has not been witnessed in historic times at least—the sudden extinction of a nation by want of food. This has really been the fate of the great states which once filled the valley of the Euphrates, and it is a fate which has for centuries been threatening some modern states—Spain, for instance. Man has stripped the soil of trees; the absence of trees has brought droughts; droughts have slowly diminished the productive powers of the ground, and finally destroyed them, the population, in the meantime, dwindling in numbers and vitality. Spain had forty millions of people in the time of the Romans, and flowed with milk and honey; it is now an arid region, only half of it under cultivation, with only sixteen millions of inhabitants, and, if modern science had not come to its aid, would probably go the way of Babylon. Persia was one of the most powerful states of antiquity, and even in the fourteenth century was able to support the army of Tamerlane, who marched without commissariat or baggage, during a bloody contest. It is now almost a wilderness, with a population of two millions—about half of them nomads, which is rapidly perishing from famine brought on by three years' drought. The worst of it is, that, owing to the absence of either common roads or railroads, it seems to be impossible for the charity of the rest of the world to reach the sufferers, so that there is really a strong prospect of the total depopulation of the country. The moral of this horrible story is—look after your trees. It is to be hoped that we shall witness, before long, some organized attempt in this country to deal with this momentous question of forest preservation, which is daily becoming more pressing. Zoroaster, the great Persian legislator, was wiser than he knew when he put planting a tree among the most meritorious of acts.

Spain is passing through a period of party excitement such as it has not had for a long time, which is saying a great deal. Since the fall of the Zorilla Ministry, which was for a time supported by a majority of the Radicals of every shade, there is no end to agitation, wranglings, divisions, and futile attempts at fusion or reunion, such as are generally followed by a recrudescence of animosities. The main trouble in the camps of the Progressists, Democrats, and Republicans seems to be that Sagasta, the predecessor of Zorilla, and his followers, cannot be persuaded to unite with that lately fallen Minister-President in an attempt to overthrow the Cabinet of his successor, Malcampo. Sagasta, like Serrano, who preceded him,

continues to give his support to Malcampo, and his partisans are loud in denouncing the subversive schemes of the more pronounced Radicals, while Zorilla—a comparatively young politician of equal ability and ambition—looking for allies on the opposite side, makes common cause with the Republicans under the lead of Orense, and vehemently assails the restrictive policy of the Government in regard to the Internationals. The latter are, at this moment, perhaps more active, and certainly more threatening, in Spain than in any other country of Europe. Agitations in the army, which are said to have ripened into a conspiracy in Barcelona, add to the complications of the situation. Yet the popularity of King Amadeus seems to have taken deep root in the country, and his Government, though without names of great eminence in its history, makes gallant efforts to weather the storm. In the sitting of the Cortes, on Friday last, it won a significant victory over the opposition, but Zorilla is reported ready to return to the charge.

M. Thiers's professions of fidelity to the Republic are, perhaps, reiterated too often to obtain implicit confidence; yet the number of those who are inclined to question their sincerity is daily becoming smaller. To the members of the General-Council of the department of the Seine-et-Oise, the capital of which is now the provisional capital of France, he is reported to have said, "I am not the author of the Republic, but I have received it as a trust; I am a man of honor, and that trust shall not perish in my hands, nor through any deed of mine." As much as this he has uttered many a time in Bordeaux as well as in Versailles, and no action of his can as yet be pointed at as conflicting with that emphatic assertion. What is new—and certainly open to doubt, though unreservedly communicated by the Cable—is that "President Thiers has authoritatively [*sic*] stated that when the Legislative [*sic*] Assembly meets, in the beginning of December, the Government will propose to end the provisional régime, and establish a definitive Republic." Among the indications of M. Thiers's freedom from Orleanistic bias, we find cited his opposition to the election of the Duc d'Aumale to the Academy, for which Guizot, Saint-Marc Girardin, and Jules Janin are said to be working. But whatever his sentiments towards the house of Louis Philippe may now be, his hostility to the intriguers in favor of a Bonapartist restoration is, beyond question, becoming more and more intense and pronounced. The Government is also irritated by the insulting behavior of several officers of the army, most of them Imperialists, whose ire has been roused by decisions of the Commission on Grades.

The Cable has failed to furnish us any explanation of the sudden resignation of Chancellor Beust, which so closely followed the triumph of his views on the Bohemian question and the retreat of the initiator of the opposite policy, Count Hohenwart. All we have learned since the first announcement of the fact is that Count Andrassy, the President of the Hungarian Cabinet, who was in accord with the Chancellor on that question, has been appointed to succeed him as Minister of Foreign Affairs; and that there is likely to be no change either in the foreign policy or in the programme lately adopted for Cisleithan-Austria. Count Andrassy, who, though cherishing a lively sympathy for France, never committed himself to a hostile attitude towards Bismarck and the union of Germany, and lately accompanied Francis Joseph to the interview at Salzburg, will undoubtedly continue the cordial relations with the court of Berlin there inaugurated by his predecessor in the foreign office; and the sudden closing, just announced, of the Diet of Bohemia, on its unanimously passing a resolution against the election of delegates to the Reichsrath, shows that the new Cisleithan ministry is going to act in domestic affairs in conformity with its first professions. How Baron Kellersperg has ultimately formed that Cabinet, or who succeeds Count Andrassy in that of Hungary—a Cabinet of wonderful firmness though entirely transformed by successive changes in its personnel—we have yet to learn. Hungary, through Andrassy and Lónyay, the Minister of Finance, holds now two out of the three ministries of the common Austro-Hungarian Cabinet, and—such have been the vicissitudes of the monarchy of the Hapsburgs in later years—the Germans are glad of it.

## RICH MEN IN CITY POLITICS.

THE condition of New York is not of local interest simply. Even if the city were not the largest in the Union, and the commercial capital of the country, and were not every day coming nearer and nearer to being its social capital also, we should still be unable to blind ourselves to the fact that the peculiar relation between money and politics, which is attracting so much attention in New York, has a strong tendency to grow up in all other cities and States under the influence of our enormous material prosperity. All the leading conditions of our problem are to be found, though in a lower stage of development, in Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and even in towns of the second order, like Hartford, and New Haven, and Providence, and Buffalo. The chief of these conditions are, first, the existence of great wealth in the hands of persons who are too busy, and accumulating too rapidly, to be troubled seriously by the weight of taxation; secondly, the liability of this wealth to taxation by universal suffrage; and, thirdly, the presence of a large body of voters too deficient in intelligence or power of imagination to perceive that, even when they do not pay taxes directly, taxation, nevertheless, reaches them through rents and the price of commodities. Wherever we have these forces working in a political fabric which is built on the hypothesis that all citizens are concerned about taxation, and interested in politics, in an equal degree, and compose a homogeneous society, we may look for the appearance of Tweeds, Halls, and Connollys with almost scientific certainty. There is no more use in denouncing people who call your attention to it, or in maintaining that it cannot be, than in maintaining that two straight lines can enclose a space. It would be pleasant if two straight lines could enclose a space; humanity would be the better of it; the cost of houses would be greatly diminished, and life in other ways would be much simplified; nevertheless, our conduct is and has to be regulated by the theory that they cannot, and so far from sitting down in despair, and living in round towers or in the woods, our duty is to build our houses under the law by putting cross-walls in them. Therefore, what is passing in this city and State cannot be watched with too much attention by the people of other cities and States. If they go on getting rich through either commerce or manufactures without profiting by our experience, they will suffer what we are suffering just as surely as the sun rises. If they profit by our experience, they may have the riches and the population which constitute both our glory and our shame, without any of the shame, and without Tweeds and Halls; but not otherwise.

Now, one of the lessons which is most clearly enforced by our New York crisis is, that in a commercial and manufacturing community, it is not possible to prevent the union of wealth and political power. In such communities one of two things is sure to happen—either the power follows the wealth, or the wealth follows the power. In the Constitution of 1846, an attempt, and we admit an honest one, was made to prevent this union by the thorough democratization of the government, as democracy was understood in those days. The result was that the class of well-to-do merchants who had until then managed city affairs were rapidly excluded from all open participation in the government, until in ten or fifteen years the pretensions of a leading citizen to the possession of any political weight or influence became ridiculous; and the concern of the bankers, traders, and manufacturers in the conduct of the affairs of their city became to all outward seeming as remote as their concern in those of Paris or London. Poor men came into power, as the framers of the Constitution intended they should, and as, on the Democratic theory, they ought; but they did not remain poor very long. We believe it is literally true, that every man who has figured prominently in New York politics during the last twenty years,—and by figuring prominently, we mean, showed that he possessed a strong personal following among the voters, and got his share of municipal spoils,—Wood, Tweed, Connolly, Hall, Sweeny,—entered “politics” very poor, and in one or two cases insolvent, and every one of them accumulated

fortunes rapidly—that is, in ten years, or thereabouts. Wood came up to the surface about 1852, few people knew whence, but he came up penniless; before he retired from city politics in 1861, we believe, he was a millionaire. Tweed entered politics insolvent in 1860, and is now supposed to be worth at least ten millions. Connolly was four or five years ago a bank clerk, dependent on his salary, and is now “transferring” property by the million. Of Hall, it is difficult to speak with so much certainty, as he has had a profession, or at least has belonged to a law firm; but the business of the law firm has been largely city business. Sweeny started as a poor office-boy in the service of Mr. James T. Brady, but almost immediately on setting up for himself went into the collection of “claims” against the city, since which time he has been rolling up wealth rapidly, and for ten years at least has been universally acknowledged to be further “inside politics” than any other man in the city. Now, these men all took the place of “the rich men” in the control of municipal affairs, but they speedily became richer than any of their predecessors. They were put into power as the representatives of “the people,” as distinguished from the great tax-payers, but they soon became themselves the greatest tax-payers of all, and further removed from “the masses” in habits and tastes than the men they dispossessed. Tweed’s and Connolly’s style of living, for instance, is vastly more luxurious and sensual than that of the most luxurious and sensual business-man we have or have ever had. One other result followed their accession, and it is the most curious and instructive of all. Not only did they become rich, but they entered into an alliance with the other rich, against whom they might be expected to feel some hostility. We are unable to support our assertion with figures, but we only repeat the belief of the best-informed men when we say that, under the reign of the Ring, the great property-holders, though outwardly despised and rejected, really fared better than any other class of the community. They were able to make, and did make, terms with the robbers; it was the men of moderate means, who only owned their own houses and stores, who were made to suffer most, and through them, of course, the laboring classes, to whom they rented dwelling-places and sold goods. So that, stripped of all paraphernalia, the rule of the Ring, though it is talked of as the rule of the mob, really did consist in the rule of the rich; but not the rich enriched by commerce, but by plunder.

In fact, the supposition that in places in which enormous fortunes are made and great wealth concentrated, and in which making money is every man’s chief concern, and in which every rich man numbers his dependents by the thousand, property can be deprived of weight in politics, is a chimera. Property will weigh heavily in politics in spite of all we can do; what we have to decide is whether it shall weigh openly, legitimately, and by fair and moral means, or secretly, illicitly, and through bribery and corruption; and whether the property which weighs heavily in politics, shall be property honestly earned in commerce and manufactures and lawful speculation, or property accumulated in cheating, stealing, and corruption; whether, in short, it shall be the property of men whom our churches, and schools, and literature are encouraging our boys to imitate, or the property of men for whose restraint and correction we build our jails. To take a familiar illustration of what we are saying, the Broadway Railroad: For many years, rascally speculators tried regularly every year to procure a charter authorizing them to build a horse-railroad along that great thoroughfare, but they were regularly every year defeated by the property-holders along the route, who are nearly all rich men, though they never held a meeting, or in any way appealed to public opinion. Had they done so, they would probably have been laughed at. What they did was to raise a fund privately, give it to a knavish lobby agent, and send him up to Albany, never asking what he did with the money. All they knew, or cared to know, was that no Broadway Railroad Company was ever chartered.

All this would, perhaps, have less importance if it were not the fashion, and had not been for some time the fashion, to ascribe all the evils of the body politic in our great cities to the laziness and indifference of the wealthy and cultivated. If the rich men “would



only go to the primary meetings," we are told, all would go well. This has now been said so often that we believe nearly everybody but the gentlemen who write it in the newspapers and preach it from the pulpits laugh when they hear it. Any system of government would work well if everybody who lived under it did his duty. What has to be considered in framing it is the probability that a considerable number of persons who live under it will not do their duty. In fact, this probability is what makes any government necessary. If all citizens of New York would do right, we should need neither constitution, nor laws nor courts. If voters would behave properly, we should need no registry law. Any government which is set up in this city has to be a government adapted to the peculiar conditions of city society, composed, as it is, in part of a large number of poor and ignorant voters, and in part of a large number of busy and indifferent rich voters. It is the business of a moralist to urge them "to do their duty at the polls"; but it is the business of politicians to make their duty at the polls simple and easy to perform. If we want the rich honest men of the city to exercise a legitimate influence in politics, we must so arrange our politics that their attention to it shall interfere as little as possible with the main business of their lives, viz., the proper management of the financial affairs of this nation. It is no exaggeration to say that the regular working of the vast and complicated machine of American commerce and industry, and, with it, the happiness, comfort, and prosperity of tens of millions of our population, are dependent on the order, punctuality, application, and judgment and integrity with which New York business men attend year by year to their daily concerns. Those who ask them to neglect them for the purpose of contending with the Tweeds, and Connollys, and Halls, in the mazes of ward politics, with all respect be it spoken, do not consider what they are saying. Government, it cannot be too often repeated, is not an end, but a means. Men's great object in life is not to carry on government, but to follow their callings; and the use of government is to enable them to follow their callings in peace and security, and there has been no case on record, and never will be a case, where men will continuously and permanently neglect their callings to look after the government. Security and peace they will have, and, if they cannot get them under a republic, they will seek them under a dictator, or emperor, or "boss."

The Constitution of 1846, and all the city charters that have been framed under it, have, in multiplying the number of elective offices and dividing responsibility, made it impossible for men actively engaged in professional or business pursuits in a large city to pay any fruitful attention to politics without neglecting their private affairs. This inconvenience was felt twenty years ago; under the increase of railroad and telegraphic communication, it has become tenfold more pressing; and our best citizens have succumbed to it, and left the field to the knaves. If we ask any of the Committee of Seventy, or of the Young Men's Reform Association, or of the Reform Democrats, who have done such splendid service during the last three months, whether they could continue to render the State the same aid permanently, they will answer unanimously, No; that it would ruin them if they did. The poor men among them have, in fact, been sacrificing their families, and the rich men have been neglecting the superintendence of large interests, on the safety and success of which hundreds of thousands of families are dependent. In short, no such effort as gave the victory of last week can be protracted; it is not in human nature to protract it; and it must not be forgotten that, gallant and successful as it was, and stupendous and notorious as was the villainy against which it was directed, it left Tammany in possession of over 50,000 votes.

We hope all these things will be considered by those who undertake to reorganize the municipal government this winter. No system will succeed which shuts out rich men, in a commercial community, from all open and legal influence on affairs by overwhelming them with mere numbers or by making politics an intricate game. They will make themselves felt somehow. If you will not give property open representation in the city councils or

some supervision of the outlay of the taxes which it pays, property will protect itself by hiring janissaries to work after its interests, and the janissaries will finally rule the city. You must also make the number of elective city offices so small that no party will venture to nominate obscure candidates for them; and that it will be possible for a decent citizen to find out all about them, without abandoning his family and neglecting his business and his friends, and passing all his leisure hours shut up in close rooms with the refuse of metropolitan society. You must, too, give us a pure judiciary. The bench of New York must this winter be cleared of scoundrels and blackguards. Upon this point there must be no wavering or hesitation. There are three men on it at this moment who, if they got their due, would be at hard labor in the penitentiary. One of them uses daily in open court to suitors and counsel language such as is seldom heard outside a brothel. The Attorney-General will, we know, do his best to bring these beastly rascals to justice, but the bar and all good citizens must aid him. Finally, let us say, and we say it for the warning of such weak-minded males as are looking forward to the regeneration of mankind from the experiment of female suffrage, that the governmental arrangement which has brought all this shame and iniquity upon us was vigorously opposed in 1846 by men who predicted all that has come to pass, who have ever since striven to make the best of it, and who now find themselves denounced for its failure by the very philosophers who then maintained that it would bring in the reign of pure justice and truth.

#### IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

THE exposures which have recently been made of the Ludlow Street jail—that disgrace not only to the city and county of New York, but to the judicial system of the State—and the late irregular, but we think commendable, action of Mr. Justice Barnard in releasing a large number of persons confined within that prison-house, will have the effect, we hope, to direct the attention of the public, of reformers, and of the legislature to the subject of imprisonment for debt, or, to speak more accurately, the arrest and imprisonment of defendants charged in purely civil actions. We presume that almost any individual, not an expert, would, when asked, declare at once and without hesitation that imprisonment for debt had long been abolished. We are certain that few citizens, who have not made a special examination of the subject, are aware in what a large number of instances a person sued in a civil proceeding may be exposed to this degrading penalty. It is our purpose to spread this whole matter before our readers; to describe in plain words the exact condition of the law in New York; and to suggest reasons why arrest and imprisonment as civil remedies should be abolished immediately and utterly.

We shall enter upon no antiquarian investigation. It is enough to say that for a very long period of time in England the first ordinary step in a legal action was or might be the arrest of the defendant and his confinement until he could furnish competent bail. This was technically known as arrest upon mesne process, as contradistinguished from arrest and imprisonment upon final process or execution issued after judgment, which was not bailable. The same system prevailed for a while in this country within the memory of living men. Its supposed abolition was hailed as a triumph of right and justice over force. But has it been abolished in New York? The Code of Procedure shall furnish an answer. We there find that the defendant may be arrested in any action brought to recover damages which does not arise out of a contract, provided he is a non-resident of the State or is about to remove therefrom. He may be arrested in all actions for injury to person or character, whether that injury be intentional, with violence, or through negligence and without force. This includes the wide range of assaults, batteries, false imprisonments, wrongs done by neglect in the performance of any duty affecting the person, seduction, criminal conversation, slander, and libel. He may be arrested for injuring, or for wrongfully taking, detaining, or converting property. Here also the injury may be

intentional or negligent, with or without direct force, and the property may be real or personal. A large number of familiar actions are embraced within this division. He may be arrested in an action upon a promise to marry. He may be arrested in an action brought for money received or property fraudulently applied by him while acting as a public officer, as an attorney, as an officer or agent of a corporation, as a factor, agent, or broker, or, finally, while acting in any fiduciary capacity. The transaction which gives rise to a remedial right in either of these cases is a contract, express or implied, and the peculiar element which distinguishes it from an ordinary contract is the breach of a fiduciary duty, the violation of a personal trust. He may be arrested in an action brought to recover damages for any misconduct or neglect in an official or professional employment. He may, under some circumstances, be arrested in an action brought to recover possession of specific personal property. He may be arrested in an action upon a contract or to collect a debt, if he has been guilty of fraud in incurring the obligation. The familiar instance of this class is the case where a purchaser of goods obtains credit by means of false representations as to his pecuniary responsibility. He may be arrested in all actions brought to recover damages for fraud or deceit. Finally, in any and every action, whether upon a contract, for a debt, or for a naked tort, he may be arrested if he has removed or disposed of his property, or is about to do so, with intent to defraud his creditors.

This is certainly a formidable list, and it is commended to the careful and thoughtful attention of our readers. We may well enquire in what cases, under what circumstances, is arrest not lawful? They are the following: where the action is to recover a specific tract of land, originally known as ejectment; and when it is brought upon a contract entered into in the ordinary way, involving no breach of a fiduciary duty and no element of fraud in its inception, and the defendant has not removed or disposed of his property, nor is about to do so, with a fraudulent intent. We shall not greatly err by saying that in all other cases of legal civil actions, and under all other circumstances except the two last mentioned, the plaintiff may procure the defendant to be arrested. Whenever the defendant may thus be arrested as a preliminary step, he may also be taken and imprisoned upon final process or execution issued upon the judgment, and this imprisonment is not bailable. How it may be terminated we need not now stop to describe. It is remarkable that our procedure in New York is much more tender of property than of person. An attachment against property, which is so freely used in many States, is only allowed in actions upon contracts or for the conversion of personal property, and even not then unless the defendant is a non-resident, or has absconded, or concealed himself, or is about to remove property from the State, or has transferred or secreted it, or is about to do so, with a fraudulent design.

Such is the law of New York which is daily enforced in every county, and which produces a vast amount of suffering, injustice, personal degradation, and demoralization. We believe that the whole system should be abolished. What is the theory of remedial rights, of remedies, and of the civil actions by which they are enforced or obtained? Private persons hold as against other individuals certain rights, while duties devolve upon the latter corresponding to these rights. These primary rights and duties may be broken by a thousand different acts and omissions, by withholding the possession of specific real or personal property; by injuries forcible or indirect, intentional or negligent, to property; by like injuries to the person; by slanders and libels; by refusing to pay a debt; by breaches of contracts; by frauds and deceits. Upon the commission of a delict, a remedial right in favor of the party wronged, and a remedial duty vesting upon the wrong-doer, at once spring into existence. The peace of society would be continually disturbed were these remedial rights and duties privately pursued and enforced. For this reason alone the State steps in, and by its courts and sheriffs provides an orderly method of relief through the instrumentality of civil actions and other judicial machinery. The only ultimate civil remedies possible in the nature of things are restoration to the pos-

session and full enjoyment of the rights of property in a specific thing; the prevention of a threatened or of a continuous wrong; the actual performance of a duty growing out of a contract or out of other acts; and pecuniary compensation. All these the law furnishes by means of judgments, to be executed in most instances upon the property of the wrong-doer. This is the theory, and the system of arrest and imprisonment is utterly useless as an ancillary remedy; it furnishes no help in perfecting the final remedial right which is the object of all civil actions; it does not facilitate the recovery of the judgment which contains the relief, nor the execution of that judgment when obtained.

For a long time arrest and imprisonment in civil actions were not only useful but necessary in England. There was no direct method for enforcing an ordinary claim upon the debtor's or wrong-doer's land: the sheriff could only execute the ordinary judgment of a common law court against the tangible chattels of the defendant; all equitable rights and property, all debts, demands, and claims due, all things in action of every description, were beyond the reach of the creditor armed with the final process issued upon a judgment. The debtor or wrong-doer might, therefore, although possessed of great wealth, be able to hold the creditor at bay, unless some means of moral coercion were provided to compel him to do voluntarily what the direct agencies of the law could not do against his will. Arrest and imprisonment were these means of moral coercion. Imprisonment upon final process held up the alternative of payment out of funds under the defendant's control, but beyond the operation of the law, or of rotting in jail; arrest and bail were simply a preliminary step to ensure the presence of the debtor's body ready to be taken and confined. We need not describe the change which has taken place in England; it is enough to say that nothing of this system now exists in New York. All of a debtor's or wrong-doer's lands, all of his estates therein legal or equitable, all of his personal property, his chattels, debts, demands, and claims, everything which can be called property, every right which may result in property, with some unimportant exceptions made from considerations of public policy, are liable to be taken in some manner and appropriated to the satisfaction of the judgment which shall be rendered against him. The instruments which the modern procedure has contrived are searching and irresistible. The whole machinery of judges' orders, of examinations upon oath, of receivers, and of actions may be set in motion, and if there is anything to be found it cannot escape. The only ground, therefore, upon which arrest and imprisonment could ever be sustained has been entirely taken away. No moral coercion is needed, because there is nothing which the defendant can be coerced to do which cannot as easily and as effectually be done in a direct manner by other processes, whether he consents or not. Experience corroborates this result of theory, and shows that arrest and imprisonment produce no actual benefit, afford no real aid in the attainment of any form of civil remedy. We cannot dwell upon these matters of detail; but the solemn farce which was enacted a few days ago in the private office of Tweed is a pertinent and timely illustration. If it should be thought that a large class of civil delicts, wrongs to person, property, or character, frauds, and deceits have such an element of quasi-criminality, evince such a semi-criminal spirit and intention in the wrong-doer, that something more is necessary than a mere summons to appear and defend, some measure which shall prevent an alienation or removal of property during the pending of the suit, then the ancillary remedy of attachment already exists, and can be easily extended to all the cases which now admit of arrest and imprisonment. Attachment seizes hold of the debtor's or wrong-doer's property of every description, and holds it in the iron grasp of the law until the litigation is ended, and is in every respect more beneficial to the creditor than arrest. If in the case just mentioned an attachment had been levied upon Tweed's lands, bank account, and other assets, Tweed would have trembled far more than he did at the approach of the sheriff with his warrant.

Arrest and imprisonment are not only useless, but they confound



the essential distinctions which exist between private remedies and public punishments. To the state alone belongs the high function of inflicting penalties for crimes. In every rational system of law the entire penal administration is in the hands of the state's officers as the representatives of society, because crime is an injury to society. The confusion of which we speak is produced in two ways. First, the law declares that many acts which give rise to a civil remedial right shall also constitute a crime. Assaults and batteries, malicious injuries of person or property, libels, obtaining goods by false pretences, many frauds and breaches of personal trust, create this double liability. The penalty for the crime is imprisonment; and if arrest and imprisonment are permitted in a civil action brought to obtain satisfaction for the same delict, the wrong-doer is twice subjected to punishment for the single offence. Secondly: as the State interferes in civil actions only to promote social order and quiet, and as the object of every such proceeding is to restore the injured person to the condition he was in before the wrong, or, if that be impossible, to compensate him by a pecuniary satisfaction, arrest and imprisonment, which do not tend to effect this ultimate object, are merely punitive. A private suitor is thus enabled to inflict penalties, to invade the functions of the state, to redress public wrongs. The practical result is that the angry creditor uses the machinery of the courts to gratify his feelings of animosity; and thus the old barbarian system of private punishments is retained in this enlightened age, although the theory which all civilized nations have adopted refers the correctional process to the calm, unimpassioned control of the state, which can have no malice, hatred, or revenge.

Finally, this system of arrest and imprisonment is antagonistic to the principles of Christianity, which recognize and respect the inviolability of the person. One of the elements which the Christian religion introduced into jurisprudence was the notion that every human being exists independent of and above and not through the state, and that his person is sacred. As this notion has been developed by philosophy, and has been expressed in legislation, torture and slavery have disappeared; the severity of all penalties has been mitigated; reformation instead of vindication has come to be regarded as the object of punishment; and it is time that wrong-doers who have incurred only civil liabilities should be freed from the indignity and degradation of confinement in jails.

For these reasons, which might be greatly amplified and made more convincing, we urge that arrest and imprisonment in civil actions should be utterly abolished, and that, if necessary, attachment of property should be substituted in those cases where the delict is malicious or possesses any other element of quasi-criminality.

#### ENGLAND.

LONDON, October 27, 1871.

IN my last letter to you, I wrote of the new social movement which had been just announced. I expressed at the time some slight misgiving as to the authenticity of a piece of intelligence which was so startling that its interest was almost independent of its truth. I must confess that I was imposed upon—so far as there was any imposition in the case—by the apparently official character of the announcement, and the gravity with which it was discussed in newspapers generally possessed of good information. I am honest enough to confess that I believed a little too much, but I am still unable to discover how much I ought to have believed. A lively debate has been raging upon the matter for the last fortnight. The aristocrats and the artisans have each given their own account of the matter. Lord Salisbury and his supposed colleagues in the treaty have entirely repudiated the doctrines embodied in the resolutions which they had been supposed to approve. In short, the bargain between peers and workmen was never ratified. It is, however, plain that some sort of negotiation has been going on. Certain Liberal papers imagined that Mr. Disraeli must in some way or other have been at the bottom of so mysterious a plot; and, indeed, the evident belief of his opponents in the boundless resources of his tactics must flatter that gentleman not a little. They supposed that, though too clever to allow his hand to be seen, the Ex-Premier had tacitly encouraged the manoeuvres by way of providing a counterblast for Mr. Gladstone. Without going into the details of the controversy, I may say that the general result seems to be something to this effect: Mr. Scott Russell seems to have been the medium through which the negotiations—such as they were—were car-

ried on. He is, perhaps, a little of a busybody, and rather anxious to increase his personal importance. Accordingly, he somewhat overstated to each side the degree in which the other had come forward. When the peers had expressed a general desire that the working-classes might improve their position, he took this benevolent but vague aspiration as equivalent to a consent to a policy of downright socialism. The result was the strange mystification which has been amusing us. The bubble has burst a little sooner than it might have done, owing to the indiscretion of some of the persons concerned; and the only result has been to reveal a certain slight tendency to flirtation between Conservatives and workmen. The Tory papers have endeavored to persuade themselves that it indicates the approaching advent of that being in whom they have believed so long and so fondly, without ever being able to produce him—the Conservative artisan, who is to recognize in the ancient nobility his true leaders and his natural allies against selfish capitalists. The Liberal papers have, of course, ridiculed the notion of so monstrous an alliance. Gladstone, they say, is the friend, not Disraeli; and they scorn the Machiavellian policy by which their natural supporters were to be seduced from their side. They have the best of the joke, as matters have gone; and yet there is, perhaps, something to be said for the statement that the workmen would ally themselves with one party almost as willingly as with the other, if they saw in such an alliance the way to carry out certain social changes, a higher rate of wages, and shorter hours of labor. However, it is not likely that Lord Salisbury will just now lie down with Mr. Odger, or that Mr. Disraeli, prodigal as he is of ingenious manoeuvres, will realize the dream of his earlier days, and witness an alliance between feudalism and the revolution.

I have said, however, enough of a nine days' wonder, of which we shall probably hear little more, except as an occasional subject of banter in the approaching session. The symptoms of an approaching storm in the political world are becoming daily more serious. Mr. Gladstone will have a hard task to rally once more the party which, two years ago, followed him with such implicit faith. The most serious of the difficulties which has lately assumed prominence is the result of the Education Act. As that act comes into working order, it becomes daily more obvious that it will tend on the whole to the strengthening of the denominational schools. The school-boards are, in fact, allowed the alternative of paying the fees of the poorer children who may prefer to attend such school, instead of the unsectarian schools to be provided. They are inclined to avail themselves of this permission; and the result is that the Church of England everywhere, and the Roman Catholics in the largest towns, being the religious bodies already in possession of the field, will probably receive the main advantage from the act. In the country districts, again, no school-boards have been formed, owing to the jealousy of the clergy, who fear that their power over education would thus be diminished. Now, the dissenters are generally in favor of a purely secular system of public education, and regard this tendency of the measure with extreme suspicion. In fact, at the meeting of the Education League at Birmingham, the other day, open war was proclaimed by them against the Government. I do not enter into the rights of the question; but this is a very serious matter. Perhaps your readers fail quite to realize the influence which is exerted by the dissenters upon English politics. There is scarcely any town in England where they do not possess sufficient power to turn the scale; they act with great unanimity; and, what is more, they take a really keen interest in political warfare. As everybody calls himself a member of the Church of England who is nothing else, the church necessarily includes a great majority of lukewarm adherents, who are probably divided pretty equally amongst themselves. But the dissenters, acting in a steady phalanx, and headed by their ministers, can throw a heavy weight into the scale whenever they please. They therefore form the real backbone of the Liberal party. If Mr. Gladstone has been unlucky enough really to alienate them, the Liberal party will break up, and I confess that, in my opinion, that result will follow before long unless the Cabinet show far more discretion than has lately been the case. This education question is important, amongst other reasons, because we are evidently going to have a serious fight over similar questions in Ireland. The priests are there demanding a Catholic university and the command of the national system. Mr. Gladstone has spoken with his usual verbosity and equivocation—I can really use no gentler terms on the subject. If, as many people anticipate, he yields to the Irish Catholic demands, he will hear something from the English dissenters that will be far from agreeable. In fact, his ministry would not be worth a month's purchase. I am, however, venturing too far towards prophecy. I will confine myself, therefore, to repeating the simple fact that the dissenters are everywhere showing symptoms of an irritation which may perhaps be allayed by judicious measures, speedily applied, but which, if not allayed, is ominous of a considerable political catastrophe. What would be its precise form baffles all powers of calculation.

I will just notice here one fact which has brought some discredit upon the Government. We have received a full report of the loss of the *Megara*. It is evident that the suspicions expressed at the time were only too well founded. There can be no doubt that the Admiralty, in their newborn zeal for economy, sent a regiment to make a voyage to Australia in a ship which was tumbling to pieces from old age, which they had been warned by competent persons would tumble to pieces, and which tumbled to pieces accordingly, fulfilling the predictions of everybody who had anything to do with her. There is, of course, the usual controversy as to who was to blame; and it is likely enough that we shall find that nobody, as usual, was the guilty person. In such a case, I need not say that nobody is equivalent to everybody; or, in other words, that a system which leads to such results, without making any single person responsible, is self-condemned. The Admiralty, indeed, have, by all accounts, a good deal of which they may fairly boast; they have provided us with a fleet which, as we, at any rate, believe, is by far the most powerful in existence; but the catastrophe, though not very serious in itself, is just one of those picturesque incidents which catches public attention. It shakes confidence generally, and renders some searching enquiry imperative. Poor Mr. Goschen, who has been made First Lord of the Admiralty because he was so well up in the management of pauperism, has an unpleasant task before him; though I believe that he exchanged workhouses for dockyards at too late a period to be personally responsible.

I turn from these political speculations to notice briefly the death of three distinguished men, though two of them scarcely attained a reputation equal to their merits. Mr. Babbage, one of the ablest of English mathematicians, has gone. The calculating machine on which he spent so much labor, and on which the Government of the day refused to spend enough money, remains half-finished in King's College, a monument of vast ingenuity, much of which—from no fault of his own—was thrown away. The general public recently connected his name chiefly with some peculiarities of temper, which are manifest in his memoirs, and with the uncompromising warfare which he carried on against organ-grinders; but I believe that the followers of his own special science valued his services highly. Sir Roderick Murchison, whose death has been almost simultaneous, was another scientific celebrity of a very different stamp. He better understood the difficult art of making a scientific reputation the means of social success; the Geographical Society has become one of the popular lions of the day under his presidency; and some of his rivals regarded him with a certain jealousy, as having usurped an unfair share of public attention. How that may be, I need not enquire; but I imagine that no one doubts the reality of the services which he has rendered to geology. The last of the trio was Burgoyne, the most venerable representative of the English army, and associated with many military triumphs and disasters. He was all through the Peninsular campaigns, and, if his influence had been more powerful at Sebastopol, it is said that the Crimean War would have left less melancholy recollections behind it. In another way, he curiously connects the past and the present. His father was the General Burgoyne of whom you know something in America, and he was born within five years (if I remember right) of a certain transaction at Saratoga. His son—a very distinguished naval officer—was in command of the *Captain* when that ill-fated ship capsized, the other day, in the Bay of Biscay. This melancholy event, it is said, broke the old soldier's heart; and he was followed to his grave, in the melancholy little chapel of the Tower of London, by a great crowd of the oldest and most eminent officers in the service. So drops out one of the links which connected our modern times with days that already seem to lie far back in history.

### A GENERAL-COUNCIL IN SESSION.

PARIS, October 27, 1871.

THE sittings of the General-Councils in France have been made public by the new law voted by the National Assembly. I have, therefore, taken an opportunity to visit one of the provincial towns in the neighborhood of Paris to see, with my own eyes, how our departmental assemblies conduct their work. If ever a permanent republic, a real republic, is established in France, these provincial bodies are the nucleus of the future houses which will play in it the part which the State legislatures fulfil in the United States. The town which I chose was once an ecclesiastical town; the magnificence of its old churches shows this plainly enough, as well as a sort of cloistered quietude hanging over the whole place. The Councillors met on the 23d October, in the rooms of the Prefecture. A Prefect, as you know, is the representative of the Central Government. He was, under the Imperial system, nothing short of a despot; all the life of the department was practically concentrated in his cabinet; he directed the local press, sent his warnings to the editors, gave to the paper which he chose as his favorite the monopoly (a very lucrative one in some places) of all the legal advertise-

ments. (The law in France compels the advertisement of all tenders for public expenses, all sales of property, all creations or dissolutions of partnerships, and a number of other things.) He held all the functionaries under his sway—magistrates, government engineers, receivers of taxes, professors, schoolmasters, officers of police. Not a window can be, even now, opened in the wall of a communal school; not a road can be widened by a yard; not a tree can be cut on a government road; not a commune can increase its local taxation, without the permission of the omniscient, all-powerful Prefect.

You may well imagine that such an important personage must be lodged in a palace. The Prefecture of X. is no exception to the rule; it is an immense building, surrounded by a large English park; and it contains, besides the reception-rooms and private rooms of the Prefect, all the offices and archives of the Prefecture. On my way to the Prefecture, I saw no signs of agitation in the streets; nobody seemed aware that the first meeting of a new General-Council was going to take place. People went quietly about their business. I found the avenues of the prefectural park covered only with new gravel, and at the foot of the great staircase some forty gentlemen were talking in groups. These were the Councillors; they soon entered the room where the sittings were to take place. This room is just large enough for the immense table round which sit the thirty-five Councillors and the Prefect, for two stenographers, and for a few benches placed against the wall, and which are at the disposition of the public. Since the new law only, the meetings of the Councils are public; but I doubt if, in the room where I have been spending the greater part of the last few days, the public could outnumber twenty or thirty people. To be sure, there appeared no eagerness on the part of the population to attend the meetings; the only people whom I have seen near myself on the benches have been some lawyers and engineers, interested in the transactions of the Council. A gendarme, in his splendid costume, who, of course, is an Alsatian, as all good gendarmes are, charged with the preservation of good order among the audience, seems to be aware of the inanity of his *consigne*.

The composition of the Council will, perhaps, speak more for the political state of the country than many dissertations. I counted in its ranks as many as three dukes, all three wearing illustrious names, but each of them belonging to a different party, which shows pretty well the disintegration of the French aristocracy and of society in France. There were, besides, two counts, three barons, a viscount, three gentlemen with the particle *de*, which makes a total of twelve—not a small sprinkling of feudalism in a Council summoned by a Republican Government. Every Councillor is elected in his own *canton* (the *canton* is a subdivision of the *arrondissement*; it contains, on an average, thirty villages); and the rural population is, of course, always inclined to vote for the richest and most benevolent proprietor of the *canton*. All these gentlemen addressed each other during the debates by their own names and titles—M. le Duc, M. le Comte, and so on.

The political opinions of the Council are of importance merely as an indication of the state of the department, as they cannot find an open expression in the debates. The Prefect, who is always present, though he has no vote, can stay a discussion which is wandering from administrative subjects to political subjects. The Council cannot even pass a resolution on a purely political subject. M. Thiers and the Republican Left of the Chamber have succeeded in effacing from the original project of the new law the article which allowed all General-Councils to pass resolutions on political subjects. They are only allowed to *resolue*, or, to use the French words, to express wishes on questions of administration and political economy. I will not stop here to show the absurdity of such a restriction. To an American or an Englishman, it must seem almost childish to forbid any body of men to pass any resolution they please on any subject they choose; but the French mind has an almost intuitive horror of the word politics. Politics is the forbidden fruit which our Councillors are not allowed to touch, even in thought. Politics is the golden apple which M. Thiers keeps in Versailles. Who will be in power? That is the *résumé* of what people understand here by the word *politique*. Public administration and finance are quite another thing. It will, nevertheless, be interesting to know what are the political feelings of these Councillors of X., all the more because, outside of the Council, they speak of nothing else. In this committee of thirty-five men, chosen by universal suffrage, there are five decided Bonapartists, men under personal obligations to the Emperor Napoleon, and who make it no secret that they desire his return. There are three radical Republicans, men who have been chosen in the most industrial districts, and who would prefer Gambetta to M. Thiers. The rest may be best classed under the name of Conservatives, as having no very marked political doctrine. These twenty-seven members, who will form the majority, are partisans of M. Thiers's policy; eight of them would prefer the maintenance of the Republic, nineteen would favor the establishment of the constitutional monarchy, but most of them think that the time has not yet come to choose between these two forms of govern-



ment, and are all ready to give their support to whatever form may be adopted by the Constituent Chamber. Among the nineteen who are monarchists, there is only one professed Legitimist, one of the three dukes I mentioned.

The Prefect is a lawyer whom the revolutions of the 4th of September found in the opposition, and who has only been in office since that time; a clever, shrewd, intelligent man, who seems very well fitted for his post, and who does not attempt to overrule the Council in the fashion of his predecessors. For instance, in old times, the Council never chose the President without a secret understanding with the Prefect; this year, the Council did not consult the wishes of the Prefect, and put in the chair the most influential and independent of its members. As there are no printed rules for the proceedings of the Council, the choice of the President is very important; he conducts the debates, and the Prefect, who sits opposite to him, has nothing to do with the discussions; he only puts the official reports and accounts before the Committee, and waits for their decision.

The new law allows the newspapers to publish the debates; but they are bound to publish an official account, supervised by the President and his secretaries. This obligation has thrown the local press into a great consternation; there are only two newspapers printed in this capital of the department, and they only appear every two days. If they published the official *procès-verbal in extenso*, there would be room for nothing else in their papers. Yesterday the Council decided that they should be allowed to publish a *résumé*, but this *résumé* will have to be submitted to the supervision of the secretaries. I do not see why the law has not allowed more freedom in this matter, especially as the debates are purely on financial and administrative matters; but the jealousy of the press has survived the Empire. I can perceive how much all the Councillors, most of them highly reputable people, are in dread even of the local press, feeble and empty as it seems to me. It is almost painful to go through these local newspapers; there is absolutely nothing in them. The editor is always the printer himself; he gives a ridiculously small salary to some obscure man, who has neither talent, nor ambition, nor political interests. Under the Empire, the Prefect was the real editor of the principal paper; now the Prefect has been deprived of his right of choosing the paper to which the legal advertisements must be sent; and, consequently, the two printer-editors, who can both publish these advertisements, have been looking for new patrons. One is called the Conservative, the other the Republican paper; to me they seem identical, as I never find anything in them but the same telegrams, sent by the Havas telegraphic agency. They only assert their party character on the eve of an election; then they publish different lists, and begin a sort of warfare which is incomprehensible to those who do not know the candidates individually. I fell into conversation yesterday with one of these editors, who was sitting with me on the benches of the Council, and, to my great surprise, he told me that he was adverse to the liberty of the press. I had it on my lips to tell him that example is stronger than precept, and that he had better shut up his own office.

Every evening, after the meeting, the Councillors dine among themselves, in groups of ten, sometimes of twenty. So far there has been no public dinner of any sort; the municipality has offered them no banquet. To-night the Councillors will be the guests of the Prefect; but the inhabitants seem to regard all these proceedings with perfect indifference. There are no demonstrations of sympathy, no public marks of deference shown to the Council. In short, life in the provinces has become quite individual; that strong feeling of association, of solidarity, which one observes in free countries, does not exist here. After so many revolutions, even what might be called the class-feeling is gone. Every man lives in his own house, with a few friends and relations, as in an oasis, which the noise of the outside world cannot penetrate. The only feeling still alive is that of patriotism: the Council resolved yesterday that it would attend a public service in the cathedral, in memory of the soldiers of the department who fell during the late war.

I have tried to give you in this letter the physiognomy of a General-Council. In the next, if the subject interests you, I shall attempt to explain to you what is the business of these Councils. Their functions are of the greatest importance, as you will see, and it is only just to say that they seem to me to be fulfilled with great conscience and ability. This year especially, after the disasters of the war, this department, which has been occupied for several months, had to deal with very important and difficult questions.

## Correspondence.

JOHN AND ROBERT KENNICOTT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Exactly what Mr. Olmsted meant by the following passage in his interesting letter from Chicago, in your last issue, is not quite clear: "As

examples of these [citizens who had bonded themselves to have no share in the material prosperity of Chicago, in their devotion to higher pursuits], the *Kinnicutt brothers*, as both are dead, may perhaps be named." Certainly, few citizens of Chicago, or the Northwest, throughout which his name is widely known and honored, will recognize in this an intended tribute to Robert Kennicott, the founder, while still a lad, of the Chicago Academy of Sciences. When the news came, the *Nation* fittingly chronicled the loss to science by his death at Nulato, at the age of thirty, and while in command of the scientific corps of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition in 1868. And not even his name, "misspelled in the despatches," will dim his fame among naturalists and explorers.

The other of the "both" to whom your correspondent refers, was John A. Kennicott, Robert's father, and whose synonym, "the Old Doctor," as he was lovingly called, is still a household word throughout that region. A pioneer in agricultural and horticultural education, the honored friend and peer of such men as A. J. Downing, Marshall P. Wilder, and Dr. Kirtland, this confusion of name and identity must have been a *lapsus penna* that Mr. Olmsted, himself of that ilk, will feel grateful to have corrected.

If it were not for the implication that the seal of death is necessary to secure personal recognition in your columns, the writer would like to speak of him on whom devolved the younger Kennicott's work. The loss of mere material wealth, when the life spent in its acquisition is drawing to a close, is sad. But there seems absolutely no recompense for such a loss as befalls him who, steadily putting aside every temptation—where temptation, as in Chicago, was most rife—to commercial gain and profit, and, devoting himself solely to the service of science, sees in an hour the fruits of years of study, ripe for, but yet ungiven to, the world, vanish like the baseless fabric of a dream. Kennicott's lonely death on the sandy beach of an Alaskan bay was pathetic, and, in its untimeliness, seemed a cruel and wanton sacrifice. But his works and words remained, and under the loyal care of his friend, Dr. William Stimpson, had fruited in an institution which ranked among the first scientific establishments of the country. For Dr. Stimpson's loss there seems no such compensation. Manuscripts, collections, and illustrations, embracing the life-work of a recognized authority, a patient investigator, a profound, and often brilliant, generalizer, are utterly swept away. This, too, when his health, broken by prolonged and assiduous study, was so critical that the trustees of the Academy had given him leave of absence for a protracted vacation, during which he was to have had charge of the deep-sea dredgings in the North Atlantic. Even the proverbially warm sympathy for each other of the larger men of science, of which Stimpson himself is an example, in his chivalrous devotion to the memory and reputation of his predecessor, Kennicott, is weak and inadequate for such a case as this.

FRANK W. REILLY, M.D.

NEW YORK, November 9, 1871.

## Notes.

MR. E. H. MUNDAY, editor of the Philadelphia *Proof-Sheet*, purposes publishing in a volume, whose typography will be as noticeably good as the *Proof-Sheet's*, his interesting historical sketches of the "Newspaper Press of Philadelphia, from 1719 to 1872," which have already appeared in his journal. These have been accompanied in each instance by reduced fac-similes of the newspaper heading, and the proposed book will contain also thirty or forty full-page portraits of editors and publishers. The work will be sold by subscription, at \$10 a copy, by Collins & McLeester.—Two other subscription works seem worthy of encouragement, at least by the denomination particularly interested in them. These are the series, to be comprised in eight or ten volumes quarto, called "The Historical Collections of the American Colonial Church," of which the first volume, on Virginia, has already been issued, and the second, on Philadelphia, is in press; and "The Early Journals of the General Conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, 1784-1838," with notes and appendices, in three volumes octavo. Rev. Dr. William S. Perry, of Geneva, N. Y., is the editor of both collections, and should be addressed by those who desire them. The cost will be \$9 75 and \$3 50 per volume respectively.—The Michigan Avenue Free Library and Reading Room in Chicago was the only one which escaped the flames, but it was also the newest, and its store of reading-matter is but small. The Association which opens it to the public is now soliciting contributions of books, periodicals, and money, to enable it to meet the demand on it for more extensive reading than it can now afford; and they may be sent either direct to the Library by the American Merchants' Union Express, or to the agent in this city, Rev. J. B. Thomas, 677 Broadway.—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish, in the course of this month, a work which we cannot err greatly in warmly recommending before we have seen it:

"Household Book of Songs, for Four Voices," collected and arranged by Francis C. Bowman and Charles A. Dana.—We are glad to report that the Jarves Collection was purchased last week by Yale College for \$22,000.

—Any one interested in Landor's writings will, we think, take pleasure in looking over a complete set of his literary works lately received by Scribner. Several of the volumes are enriched by notes, emendations, and additions, in the handwriting of the author. There is a copy of the first edition of "Gebir," and one of the second showing many variations from the first, and from later editions as well. A little book in the lot, consisting of Latin verse and prose, formerly belonged to Leigh Hunt, who has made numerous notes in the margins in pencil, which he has afterward thought it worth his while to go over with a pen. As we ourselves have never before met with this production of Landor's, and as, from its rarity, it may be new to others of his admirers, we give the full title, of which Allibone gives only the first two words. "Idyllia Heroica Decem Librum Phaleuciorum unum partim jam primo partim iterum atq; tertio edit Savagius Landor. Accedit quæstuncula cur poetæ Latini recentiores minus legantur.

Ἄλλ' ἰφομαρτεῖτόν καὶ σπινδύλον ὅτι ταχίστα  
Ταυτὰδ' ἔγυν' αὐτὸς τεχνήσομαι ἡδὲ νοσῶ,  
Στενωπὴν ἐν ὁδῷ παραδενύμεναι, οἶδε μὲ λησεί.

Pis. apud S. Nistrium. MDCCCXX." In the poems we come upon a word which has recently attracted some attention, and which Landor uses in a sense differing from the Connecticut:

"True indeed, some time ago  
Clutterbuck and I  
Joined for better and for worse  
Our young hearts and little purse,  
Bundling—weal or woe."

And, while we are upon this word, we may as well give another example of its use, which we have met with in that charming book, "The Letters of Mrs. Adams" (Boston, 1840), too long out of print. It occurs in a letter written at sea to her sister, Mrs. Cranch. She was going to England to join her husband, who had been appointed American Minister to the Court of St. James. The letter is very entertaining, and shows those of us who are inclined to grumble that, even in the good old times, they could be as miserable at sea as we can be to-day. "Our accommodations on board are not what I could wish, or hoped for. We cannot be alone, only when the gentlemen are thoughtful enough to retire upon deck, which they do for about an hour in the course of the day. . . . The door opens into the cabin, where the gentlemen all sleep, and where we sit, dine, etc. We can only live with our door shut whilst we dress and undress. Necessity has no law; but what should I have thought on shore to have laid myself down to sleep in common with half a dozen gentlemen? We have curtains, it is true, and we only in part undress, about as much as the Yankee bundlers; but we have the satisfaction of falling in with a set of well-behaved, decent gentlemen, whose whole deportment is agreeable to the strictest delicacy, both in word and action."

—Mr. Alfred Perry, Inspector of the Royal Insurance Company, communicates to the Montreal *Daily Witness* some observations on the phenomena of the Chicago fire, which, after all that has been written on the subject, may be read with interest. What most struck his professional eye was that "all the buildings left standing present on their upper stories sound materials, whilst each succeeding downward story shows a proportionately increasing destruction." On the wall of the court-house, some sixty feet above the level of the street, he saw erect a wooden flag-staff not even scorched. Passing on to the water-works, he noticed that the glass lantern of the tower, eighty feet high, had not a pane of glass cracked by the heat, "while below, at the base of the tower, blocks of sandstone, ten feet long by five feet wide and two feet thick, are so calcined and splintered into fragments as to be quite useless." It should be remarked, however, that these buildings had been fired by flying brands and consumed before buildings between them and the main conflagration had even been touched. "The fact of the fire not ascending," to use Mr. Perry's words, was also exemplified in the remains of the Church of the Holy Name. This church "had its tower running up about 100 feet, and the spire had not been erected. It had been intended to finish it this year, and the contractor had placed his scaffolding on the top of the tower, and two of the four main corner timbers had been placed. These two corner-pieces and a portion of the scaffold remain, apparently unscorched, whilst the body of the church, its tower, and the surrounding district are ruined, the very cast-iron lamp-post at the edge of the sidewalk being melted." Another more questionable phenomenon which he reports is that, "in those streets where telegraph wires ran, the intensity of the heat destroyed stone and iron work much more completely than in those streets where there were no wires." Finally, the intensity and completeness of the combustion were shown in the total absence of smoke—a fact which did not occur to the imaginative draughtsmen of our illustrated papers.

—*Nature* tells us that, "with the extension of the telegraph into the more northern latitude of the Shetland Islands, between 59° 51' and 60° 51' 30' N., we enjoy a much better opportunity of observing the frequency and variation of magnetic and auroral storms. Some of the earliest recorded observations upon the strength and direction of these storms date from the time when the extension of the telegraphic wires over England rendered the phenomenon visible, by the disturbance of the magnetic needle placed in circuit with the wire. In some cases, these magnetic storms were so severe as to impede the working of the railway signals. On the 18th of October, 1841, a very intense magnetic disturbance was recorded, and among other curious facts mentioned is that of the detention of the 10:5 P.M. express train at Exeter sixteen minutes, as the magnetic disturbance affected the needles so powerfully that it was impossible to ascertain if the line was clear at Starecross. The superintendent at Exeter reported the next morning that "some one was playing tricks with the instruments, and would not let them work." The article in *Nature* from which we quote gives us also some interesting observations on the colors of the aurora. "Dark" streamers will appear to start up high in the zenith, . . . these dark auroral rays being at the same time transparent as regards the power of transmitting the light of the stars, which shine through with undiminished splendor. At the same time with these dark rays, brilliant green, violet, crimson, and white rays stream upward, but always with a less persistence of duration. These colored scintillations change with greater rapidity than the black rays." The red rays would seem to be less transparent than those of other colors. The colors that have been observed are, black, pale yellow, strong yellow, white, violet, pale blue, bright green, crimson fading with reddish pink, pale orange, and sea-green. Thus far nothing approaching to the indigo hue has been noticed. We are assured, too, that, in the Island of Eday, where some very brilliant auroral displays have been seen lately, and where the atmosphere is perfectly still, repeated observation has determined the existence of very appreciable sounds to the ear as an accompanying phenomenon to the rapid rush of the auroral stream to the zenith. The intensity of the sound emitted varies considerably. At times it greatly resembles the rushing noise caused by the firing of a rocket into the air, heard at a distance. At other times, it resembles strongly the sound produced by the crackling of burning embers, but wanting in any very distinctive sharpness. *Nature* for Oct. 26 contains a paragraph headed "Are Auroras Periodical?" in which a list is given of notable auroral displays occurring during the last hundred years, which seems to make out a very striking case for the period between Feb. 15 and Feb. 23. Thus, beginning with 1773, we have:

1773, Feb. 17.	1848, Feb. 20.
1784 " 23.	1851, " 18.
1794 " 15.	1852, " 18.
1838, " 21.	1866, " 20.

Besides the February epoch, any extended list of auroras will indicate two or three others, the most remarkable of which is that of Nov. 13-18. Fifty-three brilliant auroras have been observed since 1770. Of these eight have occurred in the period just named. The latest remarkable aurora took place, as many of our readers will remember, on the evening of Thursday, the 9th of this present November. It was a magnificent display, and its date not more than a fortnight later than the great display of last year, which occurred on the evening of Oct. 23.

—We have lighted upon a passage in Shakespeare which proves, we think, as clearly as anything we are likely ever to come across, that he was once in Venice. Can any one doubt who has threaded the narrow, tortuous lanes (*calle*), alleys, and streets of that most bewitching city without a guide—trying, let us say, to make a short cut or to find a certain church in an obscure quarter—that the writer of the *Merchant of Venice* was putting his personal experience into the mouth of Launcelot Gobbo (the name of Gobbo, by the bye, still hangs out on signs here and there in Venice) when he makes him say, in answer to his father's question, "Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?"—"Turn upon your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left: marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house?" All the bewilderment of Venice is in that "turn down indirectly." None but an actual peripatetic in that floating labyrinth could have so touched off for us "how vainly men themselves amaze," to use *Marvel's* words, in finding some house that is "only just round the corner." To such a man in such a plight, old Gobbo's exclamation comes pat: "By God's sounties, 'twill be a hard way to hit." It has nothing to do with our subject, but we wondered when we came upon it, and wonder still, whether the "Calle della donna detta Becher," evidently painted lately on a wall, is meant, Italian fashion, to point out the street honored by the residence of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" during her stay in Venice.

—The Sonnets of Shakespeare have been newly translated into German by



Otto Gildemeister (Leipsic: Brockhaus), already well known for his masterly translations of Byron. If the following is a fair sample of the rest, the least praise we can give it is to say that those in whose language Shakespeare wrote may take almost equal pleasure in reading him (if they can) in this new version. We subjoin the original (No. 29) for the sake of comparison:

"When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possessed,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee—and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

"Wenn ich, verachtet von Geschick und Welt,  
Einsam mein angstgequältes Los beklage,  
Und schrei' umsonst zum tauben Himmelszelt,  
Und schau' mich an und fluche meinem Tage,  
Und wünsche, dass ich wie ein andrer wäre,  
So hoffnungsreich, so schön, befreundet so,  
Und dieses Kunst und jenes Macht begehre,  
Des eignen Köstlichsten am mind'sten froh;  
Wenn so ich selbst mir fast verächtlich werde,  
Da denk' ich dein, und dann steig' ich empor  
Der Morgenlerche gleich von dumpfer Erde,  
Und singe Hymnen an des Himmels Thor;  
Denn deiner Lieb' Andenken macht so reich,  
Dass ich mein Los nicht tausche um Kron' und Reich."

—"Shut up in Paris," a little book which makes Vol. 1175 of the Tauchnitz Collection of British Authors, is a lively, well-written, and evidently truthful account of one side of life during the siege of Paris by the Prussians, and contains, probably, quite as much of the dismal story as most people will care to read. The author is Mr. Nathan Sheppard, whose letters from Paris written during the siege to the *Cincinnati Gazette* we remember to have found full of entertainment and information. Several useful appendices are added to the present volume. The first gives us an analysis of the death returns during the nineteen weeks from September 17 to January 28:

Small Pox, - - - - -	6,604	Killed in Battle, - - -	5,000
Typhoid Fever, - - - -	2,897	Died in Hospital, - - -	10,000
Bronchitis, - - - - -	3,627	Killed in Mobs, - - -	15
Pneumonia, - - - - -	3,027	Murders and Assassinations, -	6
Diarrhea, - - - - -	564	suicides, - - - - -	10
Scarlatina, - - - - -	37	Deaths by Accident, - - -	40
Measles, - - - - -	154	Deaths from Excitement, - -	13
Dysentery, - - - - -	42	Spies and Deserters Shot, - -	20
Croup, - - - - -	27		
Other causes, - - - -	30,462	Total, - - - - -	60,485

Another table in the appendix is called "Gastronomic," and gives, first, a list of the animals not generally eaten, but which found their way to Parisian tables during the nineteen weeks of siege, with the numbers of each kind that were killed:

Horses eaten, - - - -	65,000	Ostriches, - - - - -	3
Donkeys, - - - - -	1,000	Porcupines, - - - - -	2
Mules, - - - - -	2,000	Bears, - - - - -	2
Dogs, - - - - -	1,200	Kangaroos, - - - - -	3
Cats, - - - - -	5,000	Wild Boars, - - - - -	1
Rats, - - - - -	300	Stags, - - - - -	2
Mice, - - - - -	200	Deer, - - - - -	5
Elephants (3 sold for 27,000 francs), -	1	Antelopes, - - - - -	6
Dromedaries, - - - - -	1	Tropical Birds, - - - -	25
Camels, - - - - -	1		

This is followed by a statement in detail of the provision-market for each week, with the prices, and with various interesting and valuable items relating to the appearance of extraordinary viands in market, to the failure of certain provisions, and to the unexpected appearance of certain others.

—The new Strassburg Library has been enriched by the purchase, for 24,000 francs, of the Heitz library, remarkable for being the fullest collection of works published in or relating to Alsace. This was not accomplished without great opposition on the part of the irreconcilables, though ten years ago, when the city was offered the library, it refused to buy it. Another valuable addition, also by purchase, is the Böcking library, said to be one of the richest in respect of the literature of the Reformation, and unique in its collection of the works of and concerning Hutten and the Obscurants of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum." Donations from all parts of the world, and of every degree of value, are flowing in with a gratifying rapidity.

—Two items of interest regarding Russian interests in Eastern Asia have recently come to our knowledge. Some months since, a mercantile firm at Nerchinsk fitted out, at their own expense, an expedition for the purpose of discovering some road to Peking and Tientsing shorter than that hitherto in use. The existing route, *via* Kiakhta, entails considerable discomfort in crossing the desert of Gobi, and to shorten this was the object of the exploring party. They lately returned, having found a practicable route leading south to Dolon-Nor, and thence to Peking. It is 700 versts (more than 400 miles) shorter than the old road, has a firm soil fit for vehicles, while fodder and water abound along its whole length. The result of this discovery will

be the transport of Russian goods into China at a much cheaper rate than heretofore. The second item is that the Mongolians, having menaced Urga, the Russians had, in August, sent down 600 men and two field-pieces to protect the consulate in case of attack, although Urga is in Chinese territory. But the Chinese will probably be glad that the Russians have undertaken to keep their troublesome subjects in order. Russia's policy in these matters is admirable in its simplicity. "If you cannot protect our people, we shall do it for you," she says to China; "but you must bear the expense." An extension of the Russian frontier has hitherto been the price paid. Whether it will be so in this case remains to be seen.

### MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND MR. FROUDE.\*

In exhibiting his restored portrait of Henry the Eighth, Mr. Froude threw the Sentimentalists into ecstasy, and grieved and disgusted the judicious. The work was worse than sensational hero-worship—it was audacious hero-making. The lives of Elizabeth and Mary Stuart offered even a more fortunate subject in the play of contrast among the subtleties of female character for the exercise of his great and peculiar talents. What pictures of angel and demon he might have made of them, if not warned by the censure of all serious readers upon his earlier volumes, may be conjectured from the unequal distribution of light and shade in the lower-toned but most elaborate compositions he has put forth in place of their real history. As an achievement of well-deserved literary flaying alive, this critique of his performance by Mr. Meline is thorough and satisfactory.

The faults of Mr. Froude as a historian are radical, lying both in his system and in the mental qualities that govern his treatment of subjects. He aims to combine the ancient idea of controlling fate with the modern analysis of individual motives. He is tragedian and novelist in one. His personages are the puppets of Providence, but it is a Providence which he assumes to direct, and tells when and how to strike. Human passion is allowed its play, but only under permission of his omniscience. Not satisfied with the arrogance of interpreting the ways of God towards men, he affects to penetrate and reveal the most secret ways and thoughts and feelings of men and women towards each other. We may allow him the praise of entertaining noble hopes and generous wishes for the human race, and of great ingenuity in accommodating these to his views of divine interference in human affairs. We may admit, too, his nicety in analyzing the springs of action, and his vigor and brilliancy in setting forth the trains and consequences of the actions themselves. But we deny his right to speak with a double intuition, and refuse to be deceived by the art with which he puts himself forward as the *deus ex machina*, and the machine, and the actor in the scene, all at once. He asks us to look at a passage of history as only the higher intelligences of some other world can look at it—to comprehend it as part of a universal plan, involving a transparent view of the characters and motives in every detail of those who shared in it—and to compass this divine vision he offers us no help but his own glorifying and distorting spectacles. For his manner of treatment is as faulty as his plan. He is the enthusiastic advocate, not the calm arbiter. He transports us to a past age by vivid pictures of its manners, its outward life, and the very motion and talk and business of that older world. But we are introduced to friendly relationship with only one small set of its inhabitants. It is not Europe at all that we are made familiar with; we are not even allowed to like or care for all England, but are forced into sympathy and partisanship with a particular faith and policy. The point of view is chosen in and from that faith and policy alone. It is even not enough to show that affairs bore a certain aspect to Elizabeth and her councillors; but we are bid to believe that the aspect in which they pretended to take them was the true one. And the worst of it is that, in such excess of bias, Mr. Froude sees no bias at all. The generality of his plan breaks down at once under the prejudiced casuistry of his treatment.

It is upon this plan that the framework of his Elizabethan story is constructed. Two spiritual powers are contending throughout Europe in opposition of light and darkness—the Ormuzd of the Reformation, and the Ahri-man of Romanism. Elizabeth and Mary are contrasted as the mortal agents of these "fell incensed opposites"—the Scotch Queen, the centre of a web of intrigues, plots, and crimes; the English Queen, the wise and resolute defender of truth and freedom. The contrast is carried out with nice pictorial truth and fine suggestion, in points of character, state, and fortune, except that Mary's tragical death is brutally displayed, and Elizabeth's horrible last hours discreetly veiled. A trivial fault or two, as of frugality or indirectness, is allowed to blemish the brightness of one, and it is kindly conceded that a certain charm and grace and spirit did relieve the sensual devilry of the

\* "Mary, Queen of Scots, and her latest Historian. By James F. Meline." New York: Hurd & Broughton. 8vo. 1872.

other. But white and black they respectively were in theory, and only the white and black must be picked out from the facts as put into the innuendoes assigned to each. Mr. Meline relentlessly exposes the mixture of boldness and adroitness used to produce the desired effect. Now it is an intimation thrown in while discussing some other subject, and reverted to some chapters afterwards as a fact; again a seed of suggestion lightly dropped into the reader's mind, and nursed by slight touches into full-blown persuasion without argument; again, a bold misquotation, a faulty translation, an essential statement omitted or inserted. In brief, every species of trick and unfairness is here detected and stigmatized, which, if employed in a matter of business, would be frankly called fraud and forgery.

Every reader of Mr. Froude's history accustomed to weigh evidence was at once offended by his vehement advocacy, setting up an unusually lofty claim for historic impartiality. Even those who read only to be amused were haunted amid all his dramatic movement and subtle insight by a suspicion that the author was selecting and disposing his materials with either too much art or too much prejudice. Mr. Meline deserves great praise for the dispassionate examination, founded on authentic documents, which he has brought to bear in this book upon the duty of determining exactly how much of this ingeniously misconstrued historical novel is supplied by prejudice, and how much by art. Ordinary mortals, who cannot rise to the Brahma-like faculty of being indifferently the director, the doer, and the sufferer, are fortunately not left without the means of forming a judgment upon historical problems for themselves. Records remain, not only those public ones of rulers who seek to set themselves right before the world, and of watchful observers who correct official accounts by notes of incidents and circumstances, but also the more frank and uncolored ones of private letters and diaries. No one who does not examine these sources of information with profound research, and compare and report their statements without bias, has any title to the essential quality of a historian—veracity. Every year adds to these important materials for ascertaining the truth. Mr. Meline makes effective use of several which Mr. Froude neglected. The appearance of one such document may have the effect of altering all a historian's combinations, and depriving a narrative founded on partial inferences of all value. If produced in time, it may altogether change his intended plan, as was probably the case, Mr. Meline points out, with Mr. Froude's history of Elizabeth after the publication of documents brought to light from the Spanish archives by Mr. Motley. But what if such dead witnesses to the truth, accessible at the time of composition, instead of being overlooked by the historian, are misquoted or falsified? Yet this is what his critic shows the practice of Mr. Froude to have been in repeated instances. The originals are given of the letters from Mary to Elizabeth, from Killigrew to Cecil, from Throckmorton to Elizabeth, from Sussex to Cecil, with the version of them by Froude, presented in parallel columns. In each case, the historian's statement of their contents contains either a suppression of the truth or a suggestion of falsehood, and in more than one instance an interpolated invention of which there is no trace in the original. And these letters all relate to important passages in Mary's life, where the artful version supplies the very fabric and color of the tissue destroyed by the original.

We cannot follow the critic through all the detail of uncovering his author's sinuous track. He is ready with a score of proofs of the assertion that insidious suggestion and rhetorical exaggeration are his favorite devices. He convicts him by State Paper evidence of committing grotesque blunders and suppressing inconvenient facts. He cites with unsparing sarcasm his passages of reckless romancing and picturesque fancy-sketching. August suns are detected shining in autumn, and reaping-hooks flourished by Scotch peasants harvesting in May. And, cruellest of all, he quotes the distinguished historian's own forcible precepts for given cases, in flat contradiction to his practice in precisely similar ones. A few instances of this keen chase must suffice.

The "*peine forte et dure*" is familiar to any one looking at the commonest English law books, such as a historian must consult, as the savage punishment legally inflicted on obstinately silent witnesses. Mr. Froude in his first edition speaks of this in a case of its actual occurrence as an "imaginary horror" invented to satisfy the Spanish ambassador's demand for justice. In later editions the corrected passage conforms to the truth. Very early in the history an innuendo as to Mary's utter falsity glides in, under a careless suggestion of her training at the corrupt court of Catherine de Médicis. Catherine de Médicis had no court while Mary was in France, nor any influence, and she never at any time either loved or guided her daughter-in-law. Mr. Froude gives as a citation from a certain designated letter a cruel purpose imputed to Mary: Mr. Meline learns, on application to the Public Record Office, that no such letter exists. The historian puts into Mary's mouth a menace to Rizzio's murderers, addressed to Darnley: the critic shows the perverse art with which two phrases, addressed to different persons, and

found in different authorities, are put together to make up the threat. The writer dwells on the long and minute scrutiny to which certain suspicious letters were subjected: the reviewer opposes to this Cecil's own statement that they were examined hurriedly and "rather by hap, as they did lie on the table." Instances of this nature might be multiplied, but we prefer to refer the reader to the volume itself, as an admirable specimen of critical ingenuity closely applied to the detection of a counterfeit.

The stock charges against Mary Stuart's fame, her complicity in Darnley's murder, her guilty passion for Rizzio and for Bothwell, her conspiring against Elizabeth's life, are discussed fully with the aid of contemporary evidence for the hundredth time. So far as her innocence of these crimes is concerned, Mr. Meline thoroughly dissipates any unfavorable impression that may have been made by Mr. Froude's violent partisanship. He even leaves the case looking better for her than it did before that historian took it up with his inconsistent malignity. Nor does he follow the bad example set him by passionately attacking her rival, contenting himself with saying that the less said of Elizabeth the better, if we are friendly to her memory. The chapter devoted to the famous casket-letters, which have furnished Mary's enemies with their strongest arguments against her, will repay perusal for the sake of its acute research and careful sifting of evidence. That evidence leads so irresistibly to a conviction of her innocence in this particular, as to leave hardly any necessity for the citation of Dr. Johnson's deliberate opinion that the letters were forgeries.

The author, although writing as a Roman Catholic bent on correcting historical misstatements in the form of attacks upon that faith and upon one of its most celebrated and unfortunate supporters, employs in his severest censure a tone of fairness and moderation. Only one expression, in allusion to the system of torture in use in Elizabeth's reign, "which dwarfed the Spanish inquisition into a mere apprentice in cruelty," deserves to be noted as an exaggeration. For the rest, this refined enquiry, conducted closely and sharply, does not transgress the bounds of fair and well-grounded censure. Readers who are thrilled and charmed by Mr. Froude's art are not likely to enjoy his vivisection. But the truth of history can only be the gainer by the stern process. In taking leave of his author, with the accusation of worshipping art more than truth, he fairly cites against him his own words: "Those who pursue high purposes through crooked ways deserve better of mankind, on the whole, than those who pick their way in blameless inanity, and, if innocent of ill, are equally innocent of good." The Man of Sedan might so justify himself. But the world has agreed to accept Pascal's teaching as more moral.

#### MRS. STOWE'S LAST NOVEL.\*

In her introductory chapter, Mrs. Stowe says, with a great deal of truth, "It is now understood that whoever wishes to gain the public ear, and to propound a new theory, must do it in a serial story. . . . We have prison discipline, free-trade, labor and capital, woman's rights, the temperance question, in serial stories," and for this reason she has chosen to take this form of presenting her views on love and marriage, so far as they concern the rising generation. Indeed, Mrs. Stowe's success with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may well convince us of the power of the novel over the minds of the masses. But with the "novel with a purpose" there is always this danger, that the writer, instead of drawing the lesson from human nature, will warp and twist human nature for the sake of the moral; will observe with a prejudiced eye, and record only with the enthusiasm of a partisan; in short, will write a tract instead of a novel. Clearly, a work that is marked by this fault is a failure, in spite of whatever success it may have while the readers' minds are mainly intent upon that question which the book discusses; but, when the excitement is allayed, the book remains to be judged only by those canons which always exist, notwithstanding any uproar about the treatment of convicts or the justice of the tariff. The subject Mrs. Stowe has chosen for this novel is, of course, of far greater interest. Love and marriage will hold their own importance whether free-trade or protection conquer. If they are not the most important subject of human concern, they nevertheless seem to belong of right to the novel. Let us, then, examine Mrs. Stowe's treatment of them.

"My Wife and I" is the very appropriate title of the book. Harry Henderson, the hero, who tells his own story with the aid of a few letters, of which he became the master in due course of time, is a man born to be married. It is his only aim in life. In marriage he takes a really feminine interest. To be sure, we find occasional reference to his "life-work," etc., but that is only an empty phrase: his real life-work is simply supporting his wife. And there is no reason why he should not be married. Besides his own feelings on the subject, he earns enough money, and is a model of the

\* "My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History. By Harriet Beecher Stowe." New York: J. B. Ford & Company. 1871.



domestic virtues. In fact, he may be called the ideal marrying hero, who is, of course, to be distinguished from the romantic hero who is glorious for his freedom from the domestic virtues, who would make a delightful lover but a worthless husband. Harry does not smoke nor drink. He does his work, which consists in noticing books for a religious paper, and general literary toil for the magazines, with commendable punctuality and ease, and all of the romantic hero about him is that he does not go into society, a fault, however, from which he is soon freed. At one time, too, of his early life he is somewhat shaken in his religious beliefs, but he soon goes to church with unflinching regularity. He has already had his calf-love, and, it is unnecessary to say, survived his disappointment, and recovered from the profound gloom it usually brings after it, however it may result. With this preparation for romance, he meets, in a horse-car, a "Fifth Avenue princess," of whose wealth we can judge by the fact that she was carrying nothing smaller than a ten-dollar bill in her "toy purse of gold and pearl." He pays her fare in the car; again in a stage; and protects her from the rain as far as her own door. The girl is Eva Van Arsdel, the heroine. She, too, is ripe for romance; she is pretty, rich, and persecuted by a detested suitor, a young money-maker. In spite of the worldly-wise advice of her mother and aunt, she treats him coldly, for she has her ideal. She writes thus to her old teacher:

"About this marriage. Mr. Sydney [the despised son of Mammon] is not at all a religious man; he is all for this world, and I don't think I shall grow much better by it.

"I wish there were somebody that could strengthen me, and help me to my better self. I have dreams of a sort of man like King Arthur, and the Knights of the Holy Grail—a man noble, holy, and religious. Such an one I would follow, if I broke away from every one else; but, alas! no such are in our society, at least I have never met any. Yet, I have it in me to love, even to death, if I found a real hero."

This poor little creature, with her shivering wonders, a discontent at parties—she has been in society three years—and a fondness for ritualism, naturally smiles on Harry. He is torn by regrets for his poverty, a little by jealousy; but gets fairly in love. Perhaps the following extract will show, as well as any description, the tone in which the whole subject is treated. It is quoted from a letter from Eva to her intimate friend. She and Harry meet rather unexpectedly, except to the reader, after a misunderstanding which is here explained:

"He rose up when he saw me, and looked pale; but an expression of perfectly rapturous delight passed over his face as I checked myself astonished.

"Miss Van Arsdel!" he said, "to what happy fate do I owe this good fortune!"

"I recovered myself, and said that 'I was not aware of any particular good fortune in the case.'

"Not to you, perhaps," he said, "but to me. I have seen nothing of you for so long," he added, rather piteously.

"There has been nothing that I am aware of to prevent your seeing me," I said. "If Mr. Henderson chooses to make himself strange to his friends, it is his own affair." He looked confused, and murmured something about "many engagements, and business."

"Mr. Henderson, you will excuse me," said I, resolved not to have this sort of thing go on any longer. "You have always been treated at our house as an intimate and valued friend; of late, you seem to prefer to act like a ceremonious stranger."

"Indeed, you mistake me entirely, Miss Van Arsdel," he said eagerly. "You must know my feelings; you must appreciate my reasons; you see why I cannot, and ought not."

"I am quite in the dark as to both," I said. "I cannot see any reason why we should not be on the old footing, I am sure. You have acted of late as if you were afraid to meet me; it is all perfectly unaccountable to me. Why should you do so? What reason can there be?"

"Because," he said, with a sort of desperation,—"because I love you, Miss Van Arsdel. Because I always shall love you too well to associate with you as the wife or betrothed bride of another man."

"There is no occasion you should, Mr. Henderson. I am not, so far as I understand, either wife or betrothed to any man," I said.

"He looked perfectly thunderstruck.

"Yet I heard it from the best authority."

"From what authority?" said I; "for I deny it."

"Your mother."

"My mother! I was thunderstruck in my turn; here it was, to be sure. Poor mamma! I saw through the whole mystery."

"Your mother told me," he went on, "that there was a tacit engagement, which was to be declared on Mr. Sydney's return; and cautioned me against an undue intimacy."

"My mother," I said, "has done her utmost to persuade me to this engagement. I refused Mr. Sydney out-and-out in the beginning. She persuaded me to allow him to continue his attentions, in hope of changing my mind; but it never has changed."

"He grew agitated, and spoke very quickly.

"Oh! tell me, Miss Van Arsdel, if I may hope for success in making the same effort?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if you might," said I.

"There followed a sort of electric flash and a confusion of wild words after this—really, my dear, I cannot remember half what he said."

It is chiefly for what we must call the sordidness of its view of life that we decline to praise the story. It is a feeble representation of what, if anything,

makes human beings gracious. It is not the story of the loves of these two young people, but of the steps they take in order to keep house together. In other words, the book is not really a novel, but a sort of guide to young men with slender incomes who are wearied of boarding-house life. All the last part of the book is full of advice to them. The story, such as it is, is told, but the author lingers over the account of the early troubles of the household, and promises to continue the tale under another title, giving us an account of the way they lived in a back street. After all, it may be said that the author does all she claims to do. That may be granted; but, in the name of those who are not keeping house, we protest against the vulgarizing of human beings in order that the inexperienced may learn how to make the cold mutton suffice for three days. A happy life requires this knowledge, but novels should not be the means of inculcating it. We condemn here not so much this novel, as the class of novels to which it avowedly belongs. They generally undertake to teach, and as often forget that no teaching will be so effective as that which both elevates and delights. This story will doubtless be successful; it has already been highly praised, and is certainly more carefully written than "Pink and White Tyranny"; but those who read it should bear in mind that our interest in ignoble cares is not the proper subject for works of fiction. The story of Harry Henderson's boyish love is told not badly, and the account of his affection when a child for a little girl, is really pretty, and, though at times it seems a little exaggerated, it is the most nearly poetical thing in the book.

A careful proof-reader would have corrected numerous mistakes; and, if he had known French, it would not have been amiss. The illustrations are below blame.

*The Life of John Pendleton Kennedy.* By Henry T. Tuckerman. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1871.)—The writing of this book was undoubtedly a labor of love on the part of Mr. Tuckerman, and to this fact are due the merits, as well as the faults, of the volume. In Mr. Kennedy's life there was nothing of striking interest to most of us, for Secretaries of the Navy often descend into their graves unwept, with their lives unwritten, and their names immortalized only in the lists of past United States officials; but there was something in this man's character which endeared him to all who knew him, and a gentle dignity and courtliness in his whole life, which make the book of value as a picture of a time now past, when both the literature and the politics of the country were in a more "genial" state than they are now. Not that Mr. Kennedy was lacking in a serious comprehension of political affairs—of the war, for example, and its consequences—far from it; no Marylander of his position, who stood by the Union, can be said to have taken the "genial" side; but in the active political life from which the Rebellion found him quite retired, he figured, and figures over again in this memoir, as the "gentleman of the olden time," taking a public position as a reward of general intelligence and respectable life, rather than of "services" to his party, or of unwearied trumpeting of his own claims to office. Mr. Kennedy's literary life was of more or less importance in its day, but we doubt if many readers are familiar with "Horse-Shoe Robinson" or "Swallow-Barn," yet the *North American Review*, then in its palmy days (we quote from Mr. Tuckerman), said about the last-named: "We do not know that we can better express our friendly feelings for him [the author] than by expressing the wish that the success which this production has met with may induce him to withdraw his attention from other objects, and devote himself entirely to the elegant pursuits of polite literature, for which his taste and talent are so well adapted; and in which the demand for labor—to borrow an expression from a science to which he is no stranger—is still more pressing than in law, political economy, and politics." Mr. Tuckerman compares it with the *Spectator* and with Irving's "Bracebridge Hall." William Wirt called it "a right merrie and concealed work"; but it has gone, and is now interesting chiefly as a memorial of the good old Knickerbocker days, when every one was expecting to wake up some morning and find an American literature waiting to be read and admired through countless ages. Hence the ready encouragement bestowed on all literary aspirants, and the praise which Mr. Kennedy's earliest productions earned for him. Thus, with some of his young associates at the bar, he brought out "The Red Book," which his biographer tells us "shows the old Queen Anne essay style and scope, now allegorical and now a parody, here an imitation of classical English, and there a reproduction of a classical type." And it was of these papers, of which specimen titles are, "The History of Mr. Bronze," "An Old Prophecy," "Sidrophel to the Ladies," etc., that the late Mr. Everett wrote privately: "There is so much talent displayed in 'The Red Book' that I should gladly see you strike boldly at greater abuses; and, though it might still be done in a pleasant way, aim at elevating the turn of public feeling on many important points of opinion and morals. Your town is large enough to admit it—ours is not; for it is scarcely possible, with a limited population like that of Boston, to say anything

which will not bring you into personal collision with your acquaintances." Professor Andrews Norton, too, wrote begging them, for the honor of Greek and Baltimore, not to print  $\sigma$  instead of  $\varsigma$  final, and not to use double  $\eta$  as a diphthong.

After his marriage, and his more legitimate appearance as an author, Mr. Kennedy was elected member of Congress, where he occupied a respectable position. For his much-needed and successful support of Mr. Morse, in his attempts to get money to make experiments with the telegraph, he deserved the thanks of the country, and indeed of mankind. Later, under Millard Fillmore, he was made Secretary of the Navy, and to his assistance was largely due the success of Kane's voyage to the Arctic seas, and Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan. Perhaps the most admirable feature of his public career was the modesty with which he always spoke of what he had done. Of the last twenty years of his life—he died at Newport, in August, 1870—we have a full record in this volume. He gave much of his time and attention to his friends, old and young; he visited Europe; enjoying, in a word, an honorable old age. That his great attractiveness was more due to the kindness of his heart and the charm of his manner than to any preponderance of those qualities that live outside of the memories of one's personal friends can be seen in the quotations from his diary, written upon his birthdays. For instance: "October 25, 1848.—Fifty-three! Fiddle-de-dee! Here is my birthday. The top of the morning to you, my good fellow! You wear well. Somewhat thin—somewhat scattered in the matter of thatch upon the poll; but not so bare as the back of my hand. It will come to that one day. Let it come, I am ready, etc." Many of his letters to his friends, and particularly those to his godson, are less languidly humorous. A proof of the goodness of his heart is his kindness to Edgar A. Poe, whom he helped in many ways. This is an interesting record from his journal under the date of June 22, 1853: "We [Irving and himself] saw also Washington's ledger, a very large folio, full of accounts. Among other accounts (they are all in the General's handwriting), there is one headed 'Accounts of Cards and other Games.' This has the entries of three years (1772-3-4), with a debtor and creditor side. His winnings entered on one side—thirteen pounds, the highest entry there—and his losings on the other, with a balance struck at the end of three years, showing a loss of six pounds and some shillings."

On the whole, then, the chief merit of this book is the attractive picture it gives us of the best sort of Southern gentleman, well educated, of literary tastes, an honest politician, and a good lawyer. For, whatever merit our grandchildren may find in the present generation, it certainly will not be the elegant leisure of our public men; nor are we of to-day divided between our admiration of their literary work and our respect for their official excellence. Mr. Tuckerman's performance is wanting in order; dates are confused without regard to the reader's convenience; and the whole volume would have been better for more careful proof-reading.

*War and the Weather; or, The Artificial Production of Rain.* By E. Powers, C.E. (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1871).—The author affirms it to be the duty of Government to cause some experiments to be made to determine whether rain cannot be produced by the discharge of artillery. To prove this opinion, two hundred battles and salutes followed by rain are referred to, scattered over the four quarters of the globe, along with some score of campaigns and sieges during which it was unusually rainy. These battles occupy the bulk of the book. At the close is a discussion of the best arrangement of the cannon by which Government is to furnish rain for the victims of drought and fire. The only strong point in the argument is the sequence of rain after certain Mexican battles during the dry season in that country. But the author fails to perceive the importance of showing precisely how infrequent rain is during the dry season. A brief table of the statistics of the monthly rain-fall near Monterey and Buena Vista during the twenty years since the war, would furnish the material for an easy calculation of the chances against the rain having been accidental after those battles. Such a table would be worth more than the fifty pages of "documents" in the appendix, which are letters from army officers attesting that rain followed battles in our late civil war. But it is not even stated when the rainy season ends and begins in Mexico. The rest of the argument is fitted to impress readers who are taken by appearances. Here is a sample from page 28, "Artillery Firing in Front of Hooker" (these lines are in capitals, and leaded apart from the lines above and below, as are the names of all battles referred to, which gives the book a peculiar appearance inside): ". . . June 21, 1862: 'Suddenly a brisk fire of musketry ran along Hooker's front, followed by artillery' and [next day] 'we have had a few drops of rain since dark.' On the day after, also, there were 'showers of rain with a little thunder.'" We are not told but that "a brisk fire of musketry" ran along somebody's front every day during the year 1862: nor how many such discharges were followed by clear days. Mr. Powers should have confined himself to a nar-

row space and time, and given the weather record both at the scene and some distance eastward, for every hour during the period selected. Or, a terser method would have been to confine himself to cases when thunderstorms followed firing, for these phenomena are limited, in most States, to a few months in the year, so that their occurring in other months would have some significance. Butler's "Philosophy of the Weather" would furnish details concerning the usual paths of storms in different months.

The order in which battles are introduced is so reckless as to be amusing. Thus: after a battle in Prussia, in this century, is mentioned a salute fired in Madras in 1776; then the siege of Valenciennes, in the French Revolution; then the bombardment of a fort in Sweden in 1806; then a naval battle in the Indian Ocean in 1793; then Sedan! Irrelevant matters are admitted, such as names of generals, military manœuvres, numbers of men killed, compliments to troops (to the Russian infantry at Eylau!) Instead of all this, why does it never occur to the author to tell the calibre of the heaviest guns used in a given case, or whether the sky looked like rain before the first discharge? Why is it that only five of Bonaparte's battles are alluded to? Were all the others followed by fair weather?

The most notable blunder in the book occurs under the caption Waterloo. "Waterloo, as all know, was fought in a pouring rain, brought on, without doubt, by the battles of Ligny and Gemappes, which preceded it." Now, the fact is that Waterloo fell on a clear day (though in deep mud from the rain of the preceding day, which, being twenty-four hours nearer Ligny, would have been better for the argument); but the writer actually forgets to look up the weather after Waterloo, though so conspicuously parading its name! Had he known, he would surely have informed us, that thirty-six hours after the battle a long rain set in. The respectability of all Mr. Powers's other testimony is compromised by this carelessness. The weather records in the appendix are worthless, because disconnected. The conclusion, then, is that though a casual connection between firing and rain may exist, our author has not been accurate enough to justify Government in appropriating money to experiment about it. Moreover, it might be doubted whether an agricultural college would not be more appropriately appealed to than Congress, considering how Mr. Smithsonian's astronomical donation was treated.

*Dr. K. v. Spruner's Hand-Atlas für die Geschichte des Mittelalters und der neueren Zeit.* Dritte Auflage. Neu bearbeitet von Dr. Theodor Menke. (Spruner's Historico-Biographical Hand-Atlas, Mediæval and Modern. Third edition; re-elaboration of Dr. T. Menke.) (Gotha: Justus Perthes. New York: B. Westermann & Co. 1871).—The names of the author, reviser, and publisher of this grand work are a sufficient guaranty of its excellence in every respect; and, as regards its external appearance, a glance at the maps constituting the first number—which is now before us—is enough to convince us that the new edition is to be a rival of the finest productions of the cartographic art in its latest development. The whole publication is to consist of ninety large maps, including also about three hundred and forty sectional maps, all newly designed and engraved. The latter will thus be almost three times as numerous as in the two former editions. The work is to be published in twenty-three numbers. The first contains "The East Roman Empire in the Time of Justinian," with plans of Constantinople, Rome, and Carthage among the sectional maps; "The East Roman Empire and Western Asia, from Justinian's Time to the Fall of the Sassanide Empire"; "Syria during the Crusades," with the Holy Land, plans of Jerusalem and Acco, etc.; and "The Ottoman Empire and the States under its Protection in the Seventeenth Century." Introductory remarks are added, on separate pages, explanatory of the single maps. A remark on "The Ottoman Empire" informs us that the names of the localities are given after Hammer's history of that empire, Mailáth's "History of Hungary," and the "Wiener Jahrbücher." These authorities are certainly of a high order, but they have not prevented a somewhat indiscriminate use of names. Thus we find, in close succession, in the Turkish portion of "Hungary," "Buda," "Waitzen," and "Nowigrad," names of towns in Hungarian, German, and Slavic respectively; "Setscheny" and "Muncacs," also names of Hungarian towns, are correct in none of those languages. We need, however, hardly add that such slight blemishes are almost unavoidable in a work of such comprehensiveness.

*Zanita: A Tale of the Yo-Semite.* By Thérèse Yelverton, Viscountess Avonmore. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1872).—What a lively imagination can do with unreal people, gorgeous scenery, and improbable incident is very well shown in this novel. The persons of the story are either eccentric or insane, except a few who are conspicuous for almost unprecedented refinement. This is an extract from the conversation of the author with two of the early settlers of California:

"We walked down to the falls in the moonlight; they fell like an





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